

FOR SALE—

Country Property.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE; ORANGE county is, as The Times remarked editorially last Sunday, "in many respects the garden spot of Southern California;" Orange is 1 hour's ride, via Santa Fe R.R., south from Los Angeles.

[illegible]

for family use; abundance of water, cement flumes; stable and shed; brand new 6-foot cultivator, wagon, hay, etc. go with the place; a pretty home, a fine investment; nice yard, choice rose etc. Before you miss the chance, address OWNER, P. O. box 447.

FOR SALE—
NANCE, FUGARD & CO.,
Investment Bankers and Brokers and
Dealers in Real Estate,
205 W. Third st.,

Perris fruit lands a special

FOR SALE—ORANGE—AMONG M
bargains for the coming week are
ranch of 19 acres, 10 acres in seedling
oranges in full bearing; the who
planted to trees and vines; \$10,000 w

etc.; unimproved land, wa
(best lemon land in the cou

—A Suburban to Footfalls Home—
Ten acres set to all kinds of fruit-bearing
ing fruit: 100 beautiful, full-bearing
orange trees, besides French
these will go 3 hives, 2 cows, 1 wagon
2 bullocks, and farming implements.
northwest of the city, noted for
the soil, fine view, and a climate
the best anywhere. Call on
trouble. J. C. OLIVER & CO., 237
First st.

one balance in spring water supply; good house, large barn, chicken coops, and a large head of cattle for sale; also including 3 horses, 1 cow, chickens, spring wagon and buggy, and all the farm implements and particulars, apply or address FRED W. MOLL, SR., 21 E. First st., Los Angeles 10, Calif.

FOR SALE—SPECIAL INDUCEMENT offered to parties wishing to place a large colony on finest fruit land in the State; water is piped over the entire tract; for 1934 the entire tract has been sold and improved, with a packing-house, store, hotel, postoffice, telephone, and school; the roads on the land and a station on each road; will sell 10 acres or 5000 acres, and will take orders for 1000 acres. SMITH BROS., owners, Rochester, C.

FOR SALE—CHOICEST SPOT IN HIGH land, in suburbs of San Bernardino; absolutely frostless; the Rogers Bros., acre bearing hardy grove, which will bear water, will sell for one year's income of \$3,000; nursery stock now on place will realize while purchase price is being paid; all improvements on property will be taken in part payment. GEORGE E. ROGERS, room 809, Los Angeles building, corner Main and Sixth, San Bernardino county.

FOR SALE — \$250,000 ORANGE ORCHARD, walnut orchards, deciduous fruit trees, olive groves, etc.; 60 acres; ranches, fine city residences, hotels, lodging-houses, grocery stores, hardware business, etc.; 10 miles from stands; meat markets, saloons, bakeries, restaurants, and all kinds of mercantile business. Will accept \$250,000; we neither advertise nor try

FOR SALE - BURBANK LAND
tracts 5, 10, 20 and 40 acres; \$40 to an acre; easy terms; 10 to 8 miles from city limits; rich soil, no adobe, no alkali; fine English walnut land; in full-bearing peaches, prunes, apricots, peaches, and walnuts. See the place near market. see these last TAYLOR & RICHARDS, 102 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE - \$4500. A GENUINE BURBANK
gain 20 acres, planned to water peaches and prunes, 9 miles from city limits; 500 peach trees, full bearing; 500 pear trees, best of French prune, 500 softshell walnuts; best of soil, good water rights; good location.

the money. See owner, E. L. L. JOHNSON, Burbank, Cal.

FOR SALE—AT POMONA. READERS: are you new arrival? Yes? Then I can give you a pointer, I don't know you from Cleveland, but if you want to get rich, buy a ranch in Pomona, where they are. What do the boys in the city know about fruit ranches? Come and see. Call R. S. BASSETT, Pomona.

FOR SALE—AT POMONA. I have strangers, are you looking for a home? I have you. I have a big plantation, take a run over here; it won't cost you much, nor railroad fare, and I will give you a fine horse. Consider the finest valley for raising fruit, bring your friends along. R. S. BASSETT, Pomona.

FOR SALE—AT GLENDALE, A BEAUTIFUL little place of about 100 acres.

[illegible]

FOR SALE—20 ACRES, ALL IN FRUIT
in the finest section of Southern California; this is a splendid orchard; fine
and abundance of water; look at
W. F. BARBER, 207 S. Broadway.

THAT PURPLE SCALE

Scott's Method of Stamping It Out.

Testimony on Charges Against the Commissioner.

Adjourned Session of the Supervisors' Investigation.

Statements of Horticultural Inspectors—Several Orchardists Heard—Further Hearing Deferred Till January.

The investigation of the charges against Horticultural Commissioner Scott was resumed yesterday morning before the Board of Supervisors.

Mr. Knox, the attorney for the petitioners for the removal, stated that inasmuch as the pressing of the charges in reference to the State board would involve a lengthy extension of the investigation, and would entail not only great inconvenience, but also great expense, it had been decided not to press them further, provided the people of Pomona and vicinity would consent to let rest the matter of their grievances against the State board.

Commissioner Scott, being recalled, stated, in response to questions of Mr. Knox, that he had several times served notices to owners to clean up their orchards.

Witness remembered about some peach trees at Downey being destroyed by his inspector there, named Evans. When informed regarding the trees, witness told Evans to quarantine them, if necessary. Being again advised regarding the trees, he directed Evans to destroy the trees. Witness gave this order on verbal advice from the District Attorney's office.

There were, he supposed, about twenty hundred of the trees destroyed. Witness appointed Mr. Evans as inspector at Downey because that gentleman had a good reputation, and had a thorough knowledge of insect pests, except in the case of borers, which were something new, and not well known.

Witness believed that to fumigate three times would kill the purple scale, although, of course, it would be almost certain to kill that kind of scale to top the trees and scrub them. He was urging the use of the former method, because he desired not to seriously injure any more trees than was necessary. It was a great set-back to a tree to "top" it.

William Wood testified that he had an orchard at Rivera. He had about twenty-four trees infested with purple scale. The trees were brought from Florida. He first discovered the scale about three years ago when an inspector named Kaufman asked him if he did not have the purple scale on his orchard. Mr. Kaufman showed witness a recipe for a resin-wash, which recipe was printed in a pamphlet published by the State board.

Mr. Kaufman was under Commissioner Scott's predecessor. Witness had used the resin-wash, a mixture of coal oil and also had fumigated the trees in the manner recommended by Commissioner Scott. He believed the resin-wash to be most effective in destroying the purple scale. Witness believed the only proper way to treat trees for purple scale was to first cut the limbs back thoroughly, then spray with the purple scale.

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We can positively assert that no clothing firm in this city can offer you better inducements at the present time than the Globe Clothing Company. We are going out of business, and our merchandise must be sold. We want no profit on same. All we ask is what the goods cost us.

You might ask, How can a person do business without profit? Our answer is, that no one can, unless he wants to retire from business and is willing to sacrifice his goods. Such is the case with us. We are going out of business, and offer our goods to the public at cost of manufacture.

Remember, we carry no shoddy goods, and to those that are in want of clothing we would ask to call on us, and then judge for yourselves of the values we are offering.

We carry a complete line of first-class, well-made clothing, second to none in the city.

GLOBE CLOTHING CO.,

Spring Street, near Third.

WELL UNDER WAY.

Midwinter Fair Committees Make Encouraging Reports.

C. D. Tidball Engaged to Take Charge of the Decorating of the Los Angeles County Department—Routine Matters Before the Meeting.

The County Midwinter Fair Committee met yesterday afternoon in the Chamber of Commerce rooms, Chairman Slauson presiding.

Ten members answered to their names when the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Woodbridge, of the Committee on Olive Oil, suggested that a display of all oils be made together, rather than that a separate olive oil exhibit be provided.

A motion made by Mr. Lankershim, that the Olive Oil Committee also constitute the committee on all vegetable oils, was then made and carried.

Mr. Lankershim stated that those in charge of the dried fruit exhibits had canvassed the county thoroughly and had found that nearly all of the growers had disposed of their product, but that arrangements had been made with a number of wholesale merchants for securing a creditable display of such fruit.

He thought that perhaps there might be many persons who still had good sample fruit which might be obtained.

A resolution was also passed requesting the Board of Supervisors to make an appropriation of \$200 with which to assist in defraying the expenses of an educational exhibit.

C. B. Tidball offered a proposition to decorate the county exhibit rooms, it being understood that the committee should receive the compensation for any additional work that he might do for other counties in the meantime.

An off-hand estimate was made as to the probable cost of materials to be used in the decoration according to the plan offered by Mr. Tidball, and it was thought that \$350 would cover the cost of supplies.

The sub-committee in charge of this particular work was authorized to engage Mr. Tidball or some other capable person to do the decorating at a cost not to exceed \$150.

Secretary Willard reported that the relief map of the county was nearing completion, and promised to be highly satisfactory. In that connection the secretary stated that considerable discussion had arisen over the manner of placing the map. Some had suggested that it be leaned up against the wall at an angle of forty-five degrees, but that there were objections to this plan.

Those present were heartily opposed to the idea, and a motion to have the map matter referred back to the sub-committee was carried.

Superintendent Wiggins reported that owing to a necessary change made in the plans for the Southern California building the art department would be reduced somewhat in size. This was not at all desirable, but as there was no alternative the plans of the architect with this modification would have to be abided by.

The estimate furnished as to the number of boxes of citrus fruit needed in the work put the figures for the triumphal arch at forty boxes of oranges and thirty boxes of lemons, with additional ones for completing the work to the number of 108 boxes in all, which would be necessary to replace every fifteen days.

In conclusion the matter of the wine exhibit was taken up. Two different plans were submitted for the arrangement of this feature, but neither was agreed upon at the time of adjournment.

The heads of the various other sub-committees reported encouraging progress in all departments.

NEW CITIZENS.

Another Large Excursion Party from the East.

The following excursion party from the East arrived over the Santa Fe, in charge of Excursion Agent F. E. Shellbarger:

Mrs. J. C. Culver, Lewiston, Me.; D. Look, Rockland, Me.; Mrs. S. T. Bates, Augusta, Me.; P. W. Ham, Rockland, Me.; Mrs. D. A. Mender, Mrs. H. H. Barker, Brunswick, Me.; Mrs. S. A. Burgess, Isaac T. Braman, Capt. John G. Nixon, Mrs. Mary A. Moody, Mrs. D. C. Mowry, Mrs. Hannah Montgomery, Miss Persie A. Phipps, H. R. Swett, L. G. Nelson, Mrs. A. L. Maynard, Thomas Lampert, Mrs. M. Doran, and daughter, Boston; Mrs. W. M. Smith, Miss Blanche Smith, Lowell, Mass.; L. Clark, Miss Lucy Jackson, M. W. Denby, and wife, E. O. Leonard, Miss Nina J. Leonard, Mrs. Charles Lang, Miss Mabel Lang, W. Deluna, Mrs. S. E. Thompson, Chicago; E. Aller, C. J. Jarmore, Misses Delle, Ida and Bursia Graber, Mrs. F. Graber, L. Echelberg, N. Dixon and wife, E. Smith and wife, Miss Mary Beecher, George Beecher, Miss Elizabeth Rogers, Mrs. V. Turner, George W. Nash, Mrs. Mary E. Nash, E. D. Whitted and wife, Mrs. Sallie Blinton, St. Louis; D. M. Thorne, Anna, Ill.; W. H. Cook, Mrs. Mary Cook, Clay City, Ind.; Mrs. W. M. Culbertson, Charles Culbertson, Lawrence, Kan.; Mrs. A. Johnson, Mrs. E. D. Alher, Kansas City; Mrs. R. A. Street, Denver; George Morley, Pueblo, Colo.

MISTAKES, MEN MAKE.

How They Practice a Great Deal of False Economy.

The Longest Way Around is Often the Shortest Way Home in Clothes as in Everything Else—One Direction in Which Many Men are Mistaken.

It is unnecessary to ask if you wear clothes. If you are not a savage, of course you do. But what kind do you wear? Do you buy hand-me-downs, or custom-made? Do you buy ready-made, or And why, may we ask? It is certainly not for economy, for that is assuredly not attained, can not be attained, for that is out of the question. Well, why is it then? Ah, because they come less. Let us see if they do.

A ready-made suit will cost you about three-hundred dollars, and you will order it. The first wears about two weeks and then it is all out of shape and never regains it. Then it begins to get faded and washy looking. Soon it is not presentable outside of your place of work, and if you want something to wear for dress, you have to buy another suit. There is the ready-made.

You pay a little more and have a suit made to order. It fits you when it is made, and it fits you two years after. Made of better goods and made to fit you, it retains all its shape and style until it wears to pieces. When your friends see you, they comment on your well-dressed appearance. Your suit will wear like iron for business, and after a good brushing will be as good as new.

There is the difference. Read and ponder, then go to Jordan Bros., 315 S. Spring st., and have them clinch your argument with one of their suits cut and fitted in the latest style.

Busy Bee Shoe House

Wish all their Customers a

MERRY XMAS.

Thanking them for their very liberal patronage in the past.

We wish to impress upon the minds of all our customers that we are not raffling Silverware, but are giving it away FREE for one year.

Every customer purchasing from \$1 to \$50 worth of Shoes will receive a discount of 10 per cent, in the shape of a coupon

Redeemable in Silverware.

It is triple plated and guaranteed by the New Haven Silverware Company.

Remember, this Silverware will be given away for one year.

Wm. O'Reilly,
201 NORTH SPRING STREET,
Opposite the Old Courthouse.

All goods marked in Plain Figures.

'Forbid a Fool a thing and that he will do.'

SAPOLIO

This is an interrogation point and indicates a question. In Congress we near great deal about the "previous question," but the general public knows more interested in the following question:

Do you want to buy a lot in the

Alexandre Weill TRACT?

That's the question that now confronts you, and that's the question of the importance of which is indicated by the size of the interrogation point placed on top of these letters. But perhaps it is an unnecessary question, for, of course, you do want to buy a lot in the Alexandre Weill Tract. In fact, all who have seen its beautiful location, and informed themselves in regard to our wonderfully easy terms and our low prices, except a few of the Los Angeles "near huns," who would rather pay ten times as much for poorer lots on Grand Avenue and other fashionable streets, are just aching to buy a lot in our Tract. They all do it, and they never rue it.

If you have already bought a lot in the Alexandre Weill Tract, remember one cannot do, or receive, a good deed too often, and

BUY ANOTHER LOT.

If you do not know the Tract yet, don't delay, but become acquainted with the property at once. Take the electric car and ride out to the corner of Eighth Street and Central Avenue, then take a stroll around the tract on the miles of cement sidewalks that line all our streets.

Examine the numerous improvements which are being erected on the tract. Examine the sandy soil that forms no mud in the rainiest weather. Examine the flowers that bloom in all the yards (not only in the spring, but also at all other seasons of the year).

Examine the magnificent view of the Sierra Madre Mountains and inhale a few cubic feet of our invigorating air. Then call upon the undersigned and get the particulars in regard to our celebrated Non-refundable installment contract for the sale of lots upon monthly payments, not larger than those you are at present throwing away in the shape of rent.

Remember, rent once paid is lost to you forever, while in return for your payments under contract to purchase a lot in the Alexandre Weill Tract, you receive not only a full equivalent for your money, but the profit that may accrue by reason of the probable advance in real estate over present market prices.

Rebuc to our question: "Do you want to buy a lot in the Alexandre Weill Tract?" We will say, if you want a safe investment together with the customary deposit on account of purchase money should be left at any other place.

RICHARD ALTSCHUL,
Sole Agent Alexandre Weill Tract,
445 North Main Street.

Dr. Wong's
SANITARIUM!

Four years ago my daughter, Virginia Bell, was afflicted with the disease, called by physicians called hip disease, and had pronounced incurable after treating her for eight years. Dr. Wong's medicine cured her. She was afflicted with one of thirteen forms of cancer. His medicine effected a permanent cure in seven months. Two years ago my grandson became blind in one eye. Dr. Wong restored his sight in three weeks. A LASSWILL, Savannah, Cal.

After I had been treated eleven years by six different doctors, for consumption, and I had failed, Dr. Wong's medicine cured me. I took Dr. Wong's medicine and was cured in seven months. I enjoy excellent health and weigh 170 pounds.

MRS. A. M. AVELA,
1615 Brooklyn Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
NERVOUS and CHRONIC DISEASES quickly cured without the use of poisons. Four thousand cures. Ten years in Los Angeles.

DR. WONG,
718 S. Main st., Los Angeles.

For the Holidays

Operaglasses, Lorgnettes, Chatelaine Cases, Gold Spectacles & Eye Glasses

In largest assortment and at very lowest prices. Open evenings.

In purchasing your Holiday Gifts of us you enjoy the privilege of having the glasses exchanged after the Holidays for such that will fit your friends perfectly, and without any further charge of them.

Pacific Optical Company,
157 NORTH SPRING STREET, OPPOSITE OLD COURTHOUSE. Don't forget the number.

Fertilizers.

Send your orders direct to headquarters and save the agents' commission. Look at these prices for

'STANDARD GOODS.

Nitrate of Soda..... \$43 per ton
Bone Meal..... 35 per ton
Fish Guano..... 34 per ton
Bones, Meat and Blood (dried and ground together)..... 26 per ton
Super-Phosphate..... 23 per ton

Our goods are all first-class, and are delivered in quantities to suit, at your nearest railroad station, at the above figures. Terms, Cash with order.

Consumers' Fertilizer Co.,
1100 Market street, - San Francisco, Cal.

A "TIMES" MAN IN THE ORIENT

Frank G. Carpenter's Second Asiatic Tour.
(April to October, 1894.)

25,000 Miles of Travel Told in
Twenty-five Letters.

Feature Articles from the Hearts of
Japan, China and Korea.

Illustrations by a Number of Native Artists
and Original Photographs—The
Nabobs of the Far East
Interviewed.

Inside Facts About the Army and
Naval Forces of China—How the Ce-
lestials are Preparing for War with
America—The Japan of Today, Illus-
trated with Camera and Pencil—
Travels with Soldiers Through the
Backwoods of Korea—Horseback
Journeys Through Middle and North
China—The most wonderful News-
paper Expedition on Record.

Frank G. Carpenter, the famous
newspaper correspondent, writes the
editor of The Times as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"Dec. 2, 1893.

"Harrison Gray Otis, Editor Los Angeles
Times: I expect to leave the
United States within a few weeks,
about February, to write the in-
closed series of letters, which I would
like to place with The Times. The
trip is going to be a very expensive
one. . . . I do not want to go away
from the United States without put-
ting the matter into good business
shape, and I inclose herewith con-
tract for the same. . . . I know the
field very well, and, though much of
this is new territory to me, I expect
it to give me the best material that I
have ever furnished for the newspapers.
The feature of illustration, for which
I furnish the materials, illustrating, as
far as possible, by Japanese and Chi-
nese artists, will be a new thing in
newspaper work.

"My best work is my travel work,
and I think this will be the best work
I have ever given to the public. I will
leave some time in February, and the
letters will begin the 1st of April. I
expect to continue my American con-
tributions up to that time. I hope you
will see your way clear to taking the
letters.

"I am very truly yours,
"FRANK G. CARPENTER."

(The contract has been made—Ed.
Times.)

ITINERARY.

The trip will probably be by the Ca-
nadian Pacific to Vancouver. Leaving
Vancouver about the 1st of February,
the first stop will be Yokohama, Ja-
pan. Thence I will go to Tokio, do
some interviewing, meet the Mikado,
if possible, and then through Japan
to the old capital, Kioto. From here I
will go to Nara, one of the oldest
shrines of Japan, and push my way on
through the interior to Nagasaki. This
country has never been written about,
and it is described in no book of trav-
el, and thence sail up the Yangtze-
Kiang River 1000 miles. From here I
will make my way by boat or horse, if pos-
sible, across the country to Tientsin.
I may have to come back to Shanghai,
and go by boat. From Tientsin I will
go to Peking on horseback, and North
China. Coming back, I will take a trip
over the only railroad in China. I will
inspect the immense fortifications at
Tientsin, which protect the Capital, and
will sail from here to Chomulpo, Ko-
rea. I will cross the Korean Moun-
tains to its capital, Seoul, and thence
with soldiers will push my way through
to the west coast of the city of Wen-
san, or south to the city of Pusan.
From here I will sail for Yezo, where I
will give two or three lectures on the
Ainus, or aborigines of Japan, and
thence will sail down further south
to the island of Honshu, and catch the
railroad at Sendai. From Sendai I will
move southward to Tokio and Yokohama,
whence I will sail for America.
The trip, all told, will include over
25,000 miles of travel. I will take a
letter of credit for \$5000 with me,
and, accompanied by a photo-
grapher, and equipped with letters
from the President and State Depart-
ment, I will be able to give a most
remarkable series of newspaper letters.

CHINESE LETTERS.

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE YANG
KIANG. This river is more won-
derful than the Nile. It is 2000
long, and for hundreds of miles is
inland sea. It has the most wonderful
scenery in the world, and the gorges
are walls of rock over a thousand
feet high, between which the river runs,
and through the most turbulent part
of the empire.

THE VICEROY OF HANKOW.
Hankow, about eight hundred miles from
the coast, has one of the most progres-
sive Viceroys of China. He has opened
up mines, and has rolling mills and
factories there, and has a fine railway
right through the most popu-
lar part of China to Peking. A descrip-
tion of what he is doing, and a talk
with him would make an interesting
article, and his visit will revolution-
ize China.

THE WONDERFUL CITY OF NAN-
KING. I will visit this, the capital
of China. It had at one time a wall
thirty-five miles around it, and its ruins
are greater than those of any other
city in the world. It has been the
famous porcelain tower was half as high
as the Washington Monument. The city
is now a manufacturing center, and it
is a sort of Athens of China.

I expect to visit Chinkiang, at the
mouth of the Grand Canal, and may
possibly go by this to Peking through the
country. This is the artery of Chi-
na, and it is as great a wonder
as the Chinese wall. Much of it runs
on stone walls twenty feet above the
surrounding country, and a stream 20
feet wide is carried at this height. In
case of a war with China, this canal
will be of great importance.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND.
There is near Chinkiang the Golden Is-
land, inhabited solely by pirates. It is
covered with temples, and is taken there
by massive granite staircases from the
water. I have been told that it is won-
derful in the extreme, and a photo-
grapher's description of it will make good
newspaper stuff.

VISIT TO SUCHAU AND THE LAKE
REGION OF CHINA. I will also visit
Kow, the chief tea market of the empire.
Hankow is the famous commercial cen-
ter. Standing on a hill near it, you can
see three towns, which contain an ag-
gregate population nearly as large as
London. The Russian brick tea is made
here, and the most of our tea is shipped
direct from here.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH CHINA.
From Tientsin I shall make some tours
through the north part of China. I
will go in this way to Peking and to the
Ming tombs. These tombs will furnish
a lot of material. You ride through wide
avenues of marble elephants and camels
which are twice life-size, to temples
which are roofed with the finest of
yellow tiles, and gorgeously decorated.
These tombs are several days' ride from
Peking. They stand in a basin in the
mountains in solitary grandeur.

HUNG CHANG IN 1894.
Grant called this man the "Bismarck of
China." He is the brains of China to-

day, I interviewed him when I was
in Tientsin five years ago, and he will
get another interview, if possible, during
my present trip. He says he is going
to teach Americans to respect China.
He is worth \$500,000. His story will
be interesting.

THE WOMAN WHO GOVERNS CHINA:
All about the Queen Dowager who has
ruled China for years, and who still
rules it through the Emperor.
THE CAPITAL OF CHINA AND ITS
BOY EMPEROR: Hwang Ti, at 2 years
of age, has 200 women, 400 eunuchs and
1000 acres of palaces. He has been on
the throne five years. At Peking, I will
be able to get the best of gossip about
him.

THE CHINESE ARMY AND NAVY:
The army contains a million men, and
the navy ranks well up with ours. Li
Hung Chang, hero of his military
school, China's fortifications. A visit
to the gun works at Shanghai, where
Winchester rifles are made. The effect
war would have on American trade and
missions.

CIVIL SERVICE IN CHINA:
How the greatest empire of the world
is governed. A democratic people. The
great boards of the government, and a
visit to the departments. The Em-
peror's cabinet. China's income. A land
of bribery and corruption.

SILVER IN CHINA:
How the greatest silver country in the
world maintains its circulation. Chinese
honesty and Chinese frauds. A look at
the stock exchange, and a visit to the
pawnbrokers' shops.

THE HIGHBINDER AT HOME:
How the secret societies of China control
the empire. The Triad Society has mil-
lions of members. Clans in China.
Families of blue and black makers.
The Koloa Hui and their power. A look
at Chinese unions, Chinese An-
archists and Socialists.

CHINESE RIOTS, AND HOW THEY
ARE MANAGED: Americans as foreign
devils, and the treatment American pris-
oners may expect in case of war.

IN THE BACKWOODS OF COREA.

Twelve years ago Korea was unknown
to the world. Foreigners were not
permitted to enter it. It was opened
by the Americans, and when I was
there five years ago I had an interview
with the King. He is now putting in
electric railroads and has electric lights
in his palaces. This is the queerest
country on the face of the globe, and
by all odds the least known. Its high-
ways are only bridle-paths. I expect to
visit the country from China and will
give a half-dozen very interesting let-
ters. One will be:

OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF KOREA:
This trip will be made by chair and
horse, from Chemulpo. It will describe
the interior life of these queer people.
I will have photographs of their houses,
and roadside scenes. I may have to
have a retinue of soldiers with me.

SEOUL AND ITS WONDERS:
The Korean capital contains 200,000 peo-
ple. This will describe out-of-the-way
features never before treated of. I have
at the present writing a photographer
taking pictures for me in Seoul. He is
Japanese, and he was stoned the other
day for trying to take a picture of the
palace.

KOREAN WOMEN:
All about the pretty girls of Korea.
Their queer costumes. The King, and
his thousands of concubines. A land
where women have no rights. The hor-
rors of Korean widowhood. A land
where the ladies go out at night, and
the men have to stay in. Korean clothes
and their uses. My idea is to work
over to the port of Wensan, a part of
the country seldom visited by travelers.
From here there is a line of steamers
running down to Northern Japan, and I
will sail from here to Hakodate.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH INTER-
IOR KOREA. This trip will take some
time, and I will have a guard of soldiers
furnished by the King. My idea is to
get this through the letters which I
will have. It will take one or two
mules to carry the money required, as
it all has to be in Korean cash, of which
100 make a dollar. My idea is to work
over to the port of Wensan, a part of
the country seldom visited by travelers.
From here there is a line of steamers
running down to Northern Japan, and I
will sail from here to Hakodate.

LIVE LETTERS FROM JAPAN.
Japan is the oldest and the newest
country in the world. I spent ten
months in it five years ago, and during
this time was furnished with a guide
by the government, and met its most
prominent men. Since then hundreds
of miles of new railroads have been
built. The Parliament has come into
being, and the country has progressed
more than we have. My idea is to
write out-of-the-way articles, on
timely subjects and to visit the un-
known parts of the country.

THE AINUS.
From Korea I will sail to Yezo, which
is an island of North Japan as big as
Ohio. Here the aborigines of Japan
live. They are the Esauas of the East,
and drunkenness is a matter of religion
with them. They have no people on
the globe, and they ought to furnish
one or two interesting letters.

THE WORLD'S LATEST PARLIAMENT:
A comparison of the Parliament of
Japan with our Congress cannot but be
interesting. I have visited most of the
parliaments of the world, and I can
make a good story on this subject.
THE RAILROADS OF JAPAN:
In this tour I will pass over nearly all
of the railroads of Japan. From Tokio
I go clear across the country to the
west, and will get into places which no
foreigner has described. I will have
a passport, and probably a guide from
the government, and my letters will
give me the best of information. From
Yezo I will sail south to Sendai, and
will thus describe the northern part of
Japan.

THE JAPANESE PRISONS:
All about the police and prisons of the
Japs. A visit to the penitentiary at To-
kiyo, and something about the sharpest
criminals of the world.

THE SOCIAL EVIL:
The true lawlessness of Japanese life in
this regard. How girls are bought and
sold. A visit to the wicked maidens of
the Yoshiwara.

ALL ABOUT THE MIKADO:
How he has progressed. New stories
about the royal family.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH JAPA-
NESE BUDDHISTS: Something about
a famous monastery near Kyoto, where
no woman has ever set foot, though it
is a thousand years old. New temples
which cost millions. Interviews with
priests. Buddhism as a live religion.

CHANCES FOR A MENNY MONEY
IN THE FAR EAST: The coal and gold
mines of Korea. Electric railroads for
China. The import of arms. Good
points for American capitalists and mer-
chants.

THE LEADING BUSINESS TRAINING

SCHOOL.

The Woodbury Business College is back
in its old quarters in the Stowell Block,
No. 238 South Spring street. This insti-
tution has the finest college rooms and
the most elegant equipments of any com-
mercial school in the West. The hundreds
of its graduates now successfully engaged
in business testify as to the thoroughness
of its work. The public is cordially in-
vited to call and look through the elegant
new rooms, and obtain a copy of the
illustrated catalogue and art souvenir.

Go to the Mountains.

The least expensive and best treat to
give your visiting friends is to take them
over the wonderful Mt. Lowe Railway.
There, you can see the best of the
water, the best possible and most ac-
curate idea of the country can be ob-
tained in a day than by any other means
of travel in a month. See time-table
Terminal and Mt. Lowe Railway. Three
trains daily, four on Sundays.

A NEW INVENTION

Buy the genuine Rochester Heater and
Stove, \$2.90, at Meyberg Bros., sole agents,
No. 128 South Main street.

DRESSMAKING! DRESSMAKING!!

A perfect fit and the latest designs, at
all times guaranteed. Stylish dresses made
to order for from \$10 up. We make up
patrons' own material. Mourning dresses
a specialty. Popular Cloak and Suit Co.,
No. 217 South Spring street.

HOLIDAY novelties at Hong Lee's, No.
555 North Main street, Chinese and Ja-
nese bazars. Choice line of bric-a-brac
and fancy chinaware. Ladies' underwear
and gents' shirts at reduced prices.

IMPORTANT Notice!

In order to give the people
whom we were unable to wait
upon yesterday a chance to secure the
GREAT BARGAINS which we are now
dispensing—in the way of Men's and Boys'
Suits and Overcoats, Hats and Furnishing
Goods—

We Will Keep Open House Tomorrow—

... CHRISTMAS DAY

Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. An extra
force of salesmen will be in attendance to
wait upon all comers with dispatch.
Never before were such excellent goods
sold at such extremely low prices as we
are now naming during this, our great
"Holiday Carnival Sale." Wishing you one
and all a most

Merry ★ Christmas!

And thanking you for the greatest patron-
age ever showered upon any clothing
house in Los Angeles, we remain the pub-
lic's most obedient and appreciative ser-
vants.

CHICAGO CLOTHING CO.

WM. B. DUNNING, Mgr.

125 and 127 North Spring St.

Phillips Bldg., cor. Franklin-st.

Red Awnings, White Front and Blue Signs.

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CANNEL

Nanaimo, for Steam; White's Cement, Coke, Charcoal, etc.

Fuel Wholesale and Retail.

HANCOCK BANNING, Importer.

ele phones, 36 and 1047. 130 West Second Stree

\$30,000

To Loan in small sums on improved City property, and
on improved ranch property near Los Angeles. Current
rates—no commissions.

Security Loan & Trust Company,

223 SOUTH SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES.

M. W. STIMSON, Pres. J. M. ELLIOTT, Treas. W. E. McVAY, Asst. Sec.

DIRECTORS: J. M. Elliott, A. E. Pomeroy, C. M. Stimson, C. S. Christy, E. L. Farria, M. W. C. Stimson.

NILES PEASE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Furniture, Carpets,

Lace and Silk Curtains,

Portieres, Oil Cloths,

Window Shades,

Linoleums, Mattings, Etc.

337-339-341 South Spring st.



Christmas Season

Is here, so are our CHRISTMAS Goods
of the many beauties in highly polished
Chairs, Rockers, Divans, Tables, etc. A
carload just arrived of the newest pat-
terns to be had for the season. No old
goods. Make your wife, mother, father,
brother or sister a useful present. What
is nicer than a comfortable Chair or
Rockers. We have them.

Before your Christmas dinner let us sell
you a Dining-room Carpet of Lowell or Big-
low Body Brussels for \$1.00 a yard, or a Mo-
quet at \$1.00 a yard. Polished Extension
Tables, beauties, for low price. Our Library
goods are exceedingly nice this season.
Have a fine display in Ladies' Writing Desks
at very low prices. Cheffonières in large va-
rieties. Come and see them before you
make your purchases.

WM. S. ALLEN,

332 and 334 S. SPRING ST.

THE KING SHOE STORE. GRAND REMOVAL SALE!

Must vacate present store at 222 South Spring-st. by January 31, 1894. Having purchased this
stock at an exceedingly low figure, I will begin at once to close it out at prices much lower than any
stock of fine Boots and Shoes have ever before been offered in this city. BROKEN LINES, and such
lines as I do not expect to carry in the future, will be offered at half their actual value, and all other lines
at a greater reduction than ever before made in the footwear. The following lines will convince you
this is a fact:

| | | | |
|--|--------|---|------|
| Ladies' fine French Kid Shoes, broken lines, former price \$6, now | \$2.50 | Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, former price \$1.50, now | 95c |
| Ladies' fine French Kid Shoes, manufactured at Rochester, N. Y., former price \$6, now | 4.00 | Gentlemen's fine Calf. Spanish, Cal. on Yale toes, former price \$1.50, now | 3.00 |
| Ladies' fine Dongola Shoes, patent tip, former price \$3, now | 1.50 | Gentlemen's fine Calf. former price \$3.50 and \$4, now | 2.50 |
| Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, former price \$2.50, now | 2.00 | Gentlemen's fine Calf. former price \$3, now | 2.00 |
| Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, former price \$2, now | 1.50 | Gentlemen's fine Dongola, best made, former price \$5 and \$6, now | 5.00 |
| Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, former price \$1.50, now | 2.00 | Gentlemen's fine Calf. all styles, former price \$5 and \$6, now | 4.00 |
| Ladies' fine Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, former price \$1, now | 3.00 | Gentlemen's fine Kangaroo, best made, former price \$7 and \$8, now | 5.00 |

Children's School Shoes, from 8 to 11, reduced from \$1 to 75c.
Children's fine Dongolas, patent tip, worth \$1.25, now \$1.
Other lines reduced from 20 to 50 per cent.

Every purchaser will have a chance to go to the MIDWINTER FAIR absolutely Free, includ-
ing 8 days' board and lodging.

The King Shoe Store. M. P. SNYDER, Proprietor,
222 South Spring Street.

NOT VERY FUNNY.

An Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so that they will have to wait for
no man.—EXCHANGE.

But a much better way would be to give his daughters a good business education, so that
if that man for whom they are waiting should not happen to come their way, they would be
able to make a good living without him. The

Los Angeles Business College,

144 S. Main St., makes it one of its specialties to qualify young ladies for independence and
self respect. A six months' course at this school, either in the Commercial department, or
in the Shorthand and Typewriting department, will make any young man or woman inde-
pendent for life. Do you read the Educator? Let us send you a sample copy. Address the
college at 144 S. Main St.



DR. WONG HIM, who is practiced medi-
cine in Los Angeles for 19 years, and whose
office is at 639 Upper Main street, will treat
all diseases of women, men
and children. The doctor claims that he
has remedies which are superior to all
others as a specific for troubles of women
and men. A trial alone will convince the
sick that Dr. Wong Him's remedies are
more efficacious than can be prescribed.
Dr. Wong Him is a Chinese physician of
prominence and gentleman of responsi-
bility. His reputation is more than well
established, and all persons needing his
services can rely upon his skill and ability.
A cure is guaranteed in every case in which
a recovery is possible. Herb medicines for
sale.

Dr. Wong Him, Herb Doctor
639 Upper Main St., Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 17, 1893.

TO THE PUBLIC: I had been suffering
with piles and kidney trouble for over five
years, and have tried several remedies, but
all failed to relieve me. A short time since
I tried Dr. Wong Him, 639 Upper Main street,
and I am now well and strong, and consider
him a first-class doctor. Yours truly,
W. H. HILL, JR.,
235 S. Hill st., Los Angeles, Cal.

LOS ANGELES, June 9, 1893.

TO THE PUBLIC: For over five years I had
been troubled with nervous sick-headaches
and liver complaint. I didn't seem to find any
help from the many doctors and medicines
that I tried until I tried Dr. Wong Him, 639
Upper Main street. I am now well and
strong. Yours truly,
MISS M. G. BROCK,
48 Hinton ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

HOTEL ARCADIA.

The beautiful Hotel Arcadia at Santa
Monica will be open throughout the year.
It is to be under a new and efficient man-
agement. It has been refurbished throughout
with modern furniture, and guests will be
served with a faultless cuisine. Terms mod-
erate. Santa Monica is the Queen of Pacific
Coast watering places. Beautiful sea views,
agreeable winter climate. The sea bathing.

C. F. HEINZEMAN,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
222 NORTH MAIN ST., Lanfranco Building,
Telephone 94. Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED!

300 Hogs Daily!

Delivered at our packing house, corner Macy Street and
Santa Fe Railroad.

SEE US BEFORE YOU SELL!

We Pay the Highest Market Price!

—THE—

Cudahy Packing Company

SEE THE

\$400 UP TERMS.

SEE OWNERS,

POTTER & WEST

No 158 W. 5th St

CLASS

OF

HOUSES.

A TRACT OF HOMES.

The Times-Mirror Company,
PUBLISHERS OF THE
Los Angeles Daily Times, the Sunday Times, and the Saturday Times and Weekly Mirror.
H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
L. E. MOSHER, Vice-President.
M. E. MOSHER, Vice-President.
ALBERT MARLAND, Treasurer.
Office: Times Building.
Telephone numbers: Editorial, 674; Business office, 29.
H. D. LACOSTE, 38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter
FOUNDED DECEMBER 4, 1851.

The Los Angeles Times

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

VOLUME XXV. THIRTEENTH YEAR.
TERMS: By Mail, \$5 a year; by carrier \$5 cents a month, or 20 cents a week. Sunday Times, \$2 a year. Weekly, \$1.50; 6 months, 75 cents.

Guaranteed Net Daily Circulation, November, 12,585 Copies
Exceeding the net circulation of any other two Los Angeles daily papers.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter

CHRISTMAS NUMBER—DOUBLE SHEET.

"TIMES" READERS.

You can do a good turn this morning, in a small way, for the newsboys—brave little fellows—by purchasing not less than five copies of the Christmas Times from them. In a bunch. The five papers will cost you a quarter, and you will need every one of them to send away; they will astonish and delight your friends abroad; the contents will be a revelation to them, telling more about Southern California than you can put into fifty letters.

And when you please the newsboys at so small a cost, you will do it, we are sure.

And the lay of the lollypop is heard in the land.

A thing Lillukalani is not likely to get in her stocking—a throne.

Hang up the stockings—likewise the sock—and may there be enough to fill 'em!

Lift that wad of gold from the hidden sock, and make room for the Christmas gift!

Make ready the wassail bowl, and let it be wide and deep; also heaped up to the brim.

God bless the dear girls! They will get nothing lovelier in their stockings tonight than what they put in them every blessed day of their lives.

Tomorrow the newsboys eat turkey and other provender of a toothsome character with The Times. It will be a gala event, and don't you forget it. Neither will these boys of ours.

Lil. Boost me, Grover, or I don't get up!

Grover. Boost be! Haven't I nearly busted a lung a boosting of you? Shut up!

The railroad companies state that, never since the days of the boom of 1886 and 1887, have they been hauling so much household goods into Los Angeles. Eastern people are coming, and they are coming to stay.

The Times fills its readers' stockings today with twenty-eight pages of choiceness that is immensely filling. Get right in, good people, and enjoy yourselves among its plethoric pages, for Christmas comes but once a year.

Hang high the Christmas holly, and eke the mistletoe.

Hurrah! let's all be jolly.

And dull care overthrow!

Look out, sweet maid, you're 'neath the hough!

You lovely thing, he's got you now—Take that, and that—ho! ho!

Mr. Boutelle of Maine makes his Christmas present to Grover in the shape of a rip-roaring, raspy resolution that raises hair. Its effect will probably be to find out whether the paramount prophet is a bigger man than old Congress or not.

These Cleveland times may have hit the observance of the Christmas holiday a pretty hard blow, but nothing can drive it out of the hearts of the people. It is the grandest, sweetest, and most beautiful season of all the year. "God bless us every one!"

The Iowa State Register hopes that Mark Twain's new story, "Puddin'-head Wilson," in the Century, does not refer to the chairman of the Democratic tariff committee. But we would like to ask: What if it does? Doesn't the name fit like the paper on the wall?

The vascillating and vulnerable Wayne MacVeagh gets the Italian mission, in lieu of Van Allen, the man with the monocle. Mr. Cleveland seems bent upon filling that place with an obnoxious critter, but the drop from Van Allen to MacVeagh is almost too much for the average Democrat to stomach without having a fit.

The appointment of Col. John P. Irish to the position of Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco—a fat office, with no duties to speak of—must cause the Examiner an inward bleeding that is hard to staunch. Grover shows a disregard for the finer feelings of the Examiner that is not only heartless, but a particularly aggravated specimen of cruelty to animals. It maketh the heathen to rage.

Should the project for the irrigation of the Colorado Desert be carried out, it will be one of the most remarkable enterprises that has ever been undertaken. If that arid and uninviting stretch of burning sand can be made to produce valuable crops, then there is nothing in the country tributary to Los Angeles that cannot be cultivated, provided water for irrigation is obtained.

And now a son of the somewhat promiscuous parent, Thomas H. Blythe, has appeared upon the stage of action and lays claim to that big estate in San Francisco. As the centuries go wheeling themselves along down the grooves of time, doubtless other children will be born, and will come into the world with a clamor for a slice of the fat property on Market street, which seems to be goose for lawyers and falcons. Thomas H. Blythe by dying gave perjury a great boom.

CHRISTMAS TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS.

Christmas dawns for us here, in this land of the sunset, as it dawned almost sixteen hundred years ago in the land of the far-off East. Not more glorious were those radiant skies, not more beautiful the blossoming earth, not richer in starry splendor, save for the one bright Star of Bethlehem, than are our glorious heavens, filled with shining orbs and the balmy airs of an eternal summer.

That sacred land, the center of human hopes, the birthplace of "peace on earth, good will to men," is today, as far as human affairs go, in spiritual eclipse. Its children are scattered and the walls of the holy city have been broken down, and more venerated to-day is that dawn of "peace and good will" upon these farther-western slopes of the world, than in the land that first heard the melody of the angels' song as it broke upon the hush of the brooding night and was echoed among the hills of Judea.

The great march of the race is westward. Not in the Orient, which first caught the sound of the angels' anthem and brightened like the noonday at their presence, is the grandeur of the march to culminate, but in the mighty Occident, which, in the vast Now, bears the march of empire and the tread of a swiftly-advancing civilization. Judea is in eclipse, while the West is catching the glory of that ever-brightening dawn of "peace and good will." Here, is the noonday of Christmas, and progress, and there its twilight.

Here is the hope of the future, the splendor of achievement, the never-halting step of advancement. And here Nature has all those features with which she confronted the Babe of Bethlehem. Break here her winters in the glory of the spring. The winter rains wad tenderly the sleeping grasses; the hills and the vales burst into the fullness of blossoming; the crystal streams leap from the dry sands and pour their silvery tides from the mountains to the sea; great harvests everywhere make ready to be gathered; the fig tree blossoms and bears fruit, and the vine yields its rich clusters. As on the shores of Galilee, the oleander blooms, and the life is arrayed in all its glory; so do they blossom here. The breath of summer is forever upon our shores, while upon our Sierra heights, as upon the crest of lofty Hermon, winter dons his snowy robes, and views us from afar. Land, answering to that in plenteousness of beauty which we associate with the most sacred Christmas hopes, well may we have it, and seek to build for it a future which shall lend lustre to its fame. Here everywhere, shall be planted the printing press, the schools and the churches of civilization. The splendor of modern enlightenment may be brighter here than under any other skies. Art may find her inspiration, poetry and song their noblest impulses; patriotism, its most loyal emotions; statesmanship, inspired by the vast in nature, its living eloquence; literature, thured in the lap of beauty and hearing the voice of the eternal hills, may record the most stirring pages traced by modern pens.

We believe in the future of this land. It is the hope of the ambitious man, of the invalid, of the poor man, struggling for a home, of the lover of combrary, the seeker after plenty. Here agriculture and horticulture are destined to achieve wonders, and the wealth of the soil will prove unbounded. In the course of years it will be like the Garden of Eden for plenty. The dry places shall be watered, and sandy wastes become like blossoming gardens, and as the Promised Land was sought after of old by the Jewish people, so shall this "Land of the Afternoon" be desired by those who read the grand promise of its future, and from these sunset shores of the New World, Liberty shall confront the Old with the hopes of freedom accomplished.

Here, then, we hail the Christmas dawn, and echo anew, in the midst of all our rejoicing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

WHAT IS SUCH LAND WORTH?

As an instance of the manner in which apparently insignificant branches of the horticultural industry are being extended in this section, it may be mentioned that exports of celery from Santa Ana at present average one carload, or fifteen tons, a day. This celery is shipped as far away as Minneapolis, although much of it goes to San Francisco. It is a comparatively new industry, and promises to grow very rapidly from now on. The celery is generally planted between orchard trees, and thus gives a living to farmers until their trees begin to bear. Almost every year some new product of this kind comes to the front, and the first thing we hear about it is that it is being shipped East by the trainload. There really seems to be no limit to the profitable possibilities of agriculture in this section. As much as a hundred dollars an acre is sometimes made from celery, in addition to the profit from the trees upon the same land. Yet there are plenty of Eastern people who claim that this land is too dear at the price which is asked for it—say from \$100 to \$250 per acre. However, whatever these Eastern people think, our own people are beginning to appreciate the possibilities in this line of industry, and there is a demand for land upon which such crops can be grown.

In several cases young men working on a salary in Los Angeles have gone into partnership with friends who understand the farming business, leased a little land, and within a few months have cleared more than their entire year's salary would amount to. If our Eastern friends hesitate too long, the best opportunities in this section for making profitable homes may be snatched up and prices advanced.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The clergy of San Francisco have under consideration a scheme for the assistance of the unemployed in that city which possesses more practical merit than many similar projects that are undertaken. The proposition is to raise a fund for the payment of wages at a fair living rate, the wage-earners to be employed on permanent public improvements of various kinds, so that those who contribute to the fund may see for themselves that the work is being done for the public good; to make a complete and accurate register of the unemployed in the city, and to confine the employment given to this class, to prevent the incursion of unemployed men from elsewhere; to give the preference to men having families to support; and to give the widest publicity to a notice that work will be given to local people, and not to outsiders, whom the creation of this wage fund might attract to this city. This is a practical method of administering assistance, which might well be imitated in Los Angeles and other cities. It is, if we have frequently stated, infinitely preferable to the giving of alms outright, which always tends to demoralize the recipients, and to attract worthless characters from other sections. In such work as this municipalities can very easily take part. Several months ago The Times urged that the City Council should inaugurate a system of improvements in this city, which are necessary, and at the same time would give employment to a large number of the unemployed people. Nothing has yet been done in that line, but there is still time for the Council to take action in the matter.

TEN YEARS AGO.

At the Christmas time, of 1883, Los Angeles city presented a very different appearance from the Los Angeles of today, with its great business blocks, imposing public edifices, well-paved streets, crowded sidewalks, rushing electric and cable cars, and miles upon miles of handsome and exquisite residences. There were a few good buildings in the lower part of town, the business center being about the Temple Block, but such blocks as the Bonbrake, the Stimson, the Bradbury and a dozen others which might be named, such public buildings as the courthouse, City Hall, were not yet begun, and undreamed of. Adobe was still the most prominent architectural feature of a large portion of the city, and most of the frame residences were very simple in style. The streets in Los Angeles in 1883, and for several years later, were not streets at all; they were simply roads, and very poor roads at that. In summer they were dusty, and after a rain they were indescribable. It was no uncommon thing to see horses mired down within a few yards of the business center. The population of the city may have been 15,000—it was probably not more. The census of 1880 had given the city 13,311. The principal hotels were the Pico House, the St. Elmo and the St. Charles. Neither the Nadeau, the Hollenbeck nor the Westminster had been built, and the people had not even begun to talk about a big tourist's hotel. The great Wolfskill orange orchard covered the site of the Arcade Depot of the Southern Pacific. The Santa Fe Railway system was only known by its name. There was no Terminal, or Monrovia, or Redondo railway. The Main-street horse car line constituted the street railway system of Los Angeles, although at that time Mr. Haughey was thinking of building the Temple-street cable road. Spring street, below First, was a residence street, and building lots could be bought there at a very moderate price. All that section east of Main and south of Third street was in orchard and vineyard. Improvement on the western hills had just commenced, and was progressing so slowly that Mr. Beaudry complained of the loss which he had experienced in the progress of the city. There was not a water system, and the public library, such as it was, was located in a couple of small, inconvenient rooms. A going outside the city, the change which has taken place is equally marked. At Christmas, 1883, Pasadena was a little hamlet, reached from Los Angeles by stage coach. Pomona and Ontario were struggling agricultural settlements. Monrovia, Whittier and Burbank, and Redondo, and a score of other flourishing towns did not then exist, even in the imagination of those who have since founded them. The horticultural industry of Southern California was in its infancy. The orange shipments of the season of 1882-83 from Riverside amounted to only 45 carloads, while the shipments of that season were 2500 carloads, and from the seven southern counties 6500 carloads. There was a faint indication of a demand for property in Los Angeles about that time, but the man who should have hinted at such prices as are now obtained for lots, in the city would have been regarded as a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum.

The progress of the past ten years is, indeed, wonderful, and who shall dare to say that it will not be equal or even surpassed during the next decade? It is a well-recognized fact that the true growth of cities does not commence until they have passed the 50,000 mark. After that the growth goes on with ever-increasing volume like snowball. The completion of the new railway to Salt Lake City, to be soon followed, as we all hope, by the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, will enable Los Angeles to take its true place as the metropolis of a section which, for fertility of soil, geniality of climate, and variety of scenery, has no equal in the United States, and few rivals on the face of the earth. The history of Los Angeles and of Southern California during the past ten years, is, we believe, but a faint foreshadowing of what those of us who survive until then, may expect to look back upon when they review the happenings of a decade in the Christmas Times of 1903.

The population credited to Los Angeles by the census of 1890 was a trifle over fifty thousand. Since then, no regular census has been taken, but

Judging from such indications as are supplied by the schools, directories, the water company, and so forth, it may safely be said that the present permanent population of the city is not less than sixty-five thousand, to which should be added some five thousand transients, who will pass the winter with us. At this rate of progress, the census of 1900 should give Los Angeles a population of 100,000. That it will do so, unless some unforeseen calamity happens, few who have witnessed the progress of the last three years, and especially of the past twelve months, will doubt. It is a well-known fact that the real growth of a city begins after it has passed the 50,000 point.

AMONG THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

For the first time in a number of weeks Los Angeles does not stand alone in the telegraphic list of bank clearances as the only city given in the condensed report which shows an increase over last year. That position is held by Tacoma, which shows an increase of 10.4 per cent. against a decrease for the country at large of 36.8 per cent. Los Angeles shows a decrease of only 1.5 per cent. When we examine the figures, however, we have no reason to be ashamed of them. The clearances of Los Angeles amounted to the large sum of \$14,444,800 as compared with only \$753,333 for Tacoma, while Portland, Or., has less than half the amount credited to Los Angeles, and even Denver has only about twice as much as this city. At this rate Los Angeles will soon be out of competition with the cities of the Pacific Coast, excepting San Francisco, of course, and will become a serious rival of such cities as Denver, St. Paul and Omaha. Los Angeles fairly starts on its march to a position among the great commercial cities of the United States.

A most encouraging indication of the financial stability in Los Angeles was furnished last summer during the prevalence of the bank panic, which spread all over the country, carrying loss and distress to many homes. Here in Los Angeles there was something of a flurry, as in every other city, and several of the banks temporarily closed their doors. After a few days, however, they all reopened and remained open, with one exception, and that was the City Bank of Children, which ought to have been closed up long ago. Such a showing as this, at the close of a long period of depression in business following the collapse of the real estate boom, may justly be pointed to with pride by Angelenos as a proof that their city is founded upon a rock.

While there have not been any noteworthy railroad improvements in or around Los Angeles during the past year, the subscription which has been raised to the stock of the Nevada Southern Railway, from Los Angeles to Salt Lake, may almost be classed among the improvements of the year. There is little doubt that this important improvement will be under way during the next few months. The opening of this new railroad cannot fail to have a remarkably beneficial effect on business. In fact, as the Times has previously remarked, the coming of this railroad is likely to witness developments something after the fashion of the movement which accompanied the completion of the Santa Fe system to Los Angeles.

Although the manufacturing industry has not yet assumed great importance in Los Angeles, there have been many signs of improvement in that line during the past year. Among the most important movements in this direction have been the commencement of work on a smelter, which has been temporarily retarded by the prevailing financial depression, and a rolling-mill to utilize scrap iron, which is abundant here. A number of smaller industries have been established, and should the new railroad to Utah be completed this year, bringing us cheap fuel, there is no doubt that we shall see the inauguration of manufacturing on a larger scale than heretofore.

One of the best indications of the prosperity of a city is furnished by the amount of buildings. Structures were erected during the twelve months ending November 30, amounting to the large sum of \$1,629,706. Over four hundred more buildings were erected in 1893 than in 1892, and a great majority of these were actually completed by the owners. Notwithstanding this large amount of building, houses for rent are scarce and difficult to find. One can scarcely get to any part of the city and get away from the sound of the hammer and saw. There is every promise that building during the year will be still more lively than it was during the past twelve months.

California, admittedly had the finest display of any State at the World's Fair. It is also admitted by all that by far the best portion of the display in the California building was that furnished by this section of the State. This means that the seven counties of Southern California had the finest display at Chicago which was made by any section of the United States. The result of the fine show which we have seen is already apparent in the large increase of Eastern people who are arriving here with the view of making their residence in the land of sunshine and flowers.

The holding of the International Irrigation Congress in this city a few months ago was an important event in the history of Los Angeles. Not only did it draw attention to the city throughout the world, but it was a recognition of the importance of the subject of irrigation which cannot fail to result beneficially to this city, which is the center of a section that contains so much land needing only water to make it one vast garden.

Newcomers are sometimes inclined to think that the prices asked here for land are too high. They should judge, not by what they are accustomed to in the East, but by what this land will produce. They cannot expect to buy land that will yield a net return of from \$50 to \$250 or more per acre at the same price that they pay back East for land that will not yield a net profit of more than \$250 to the quarter section.

The most important event in connection with the horticultural industry during the past year has been the organization of the orange-growers to ship and market their fruits on the co-operative plan. Great results are hoped

from this movement, which affects an industry that has grown to very large proportions, the shipments of oranges for last season amounting to over 6000 carloads.

The mining regions of Southern California, about which so little is known to our own people that we cannot be surprised if many outsiders are ignorant of the fact that we have any mines at all, have shown the signs of an encouraging amount of development during the past year. The rich Van derbilt camp, in the eastern part of San Bernardino county, has come into existence, and promises to be one of the leading mineral centers of this region. A gold placer-mining region has been discovered on the desert, some forty miles from Mojave, which, if only a fraction is true that is told about it, promises to rival some of the best placer finds of the days of '49. A considerable amount of attention has also been attracted to the gold mines in the neighborhood of Perris, where some encouraging developments have been made. As to the petroleum deposits of this and Ventura county, scarcely a month passes that some rich strike is not made, which would create excitement in almost any other region. Our mineral deposits are likely to play an important part in the development of our resources during the next few years.

One of the most encouraging features of the past twelve months has been the marked improvement which has taken place in the real estate market. Since the end of 1887, when the boom subsided, up to the end of 1892, a period of five years, it can scarcely be said that there was really any market for real estate. That is to say, any person who wished to sell land or lots was frequently forced to accept any price that his own interests or the conscience of the purchaser dictated. During the very first days of 1893 there was a noteworthy change in this respect, and a brisk demand for property sprang up, which has been maintained with fluctuations up to the present time. In many cases business property is now selling at higher prices than it commanded during the boom. The demand has encouraged the subdivision of several new tracts for the first time in five years, and lots in these tracts have found purchasers at good figures. It only needs a glance through the classified advertisement columns of The Times—the liners—to show that the real estate market is not by any means dead.

We are told that the repeal of the Sherman act has not accomplished the good which was expected of it through-out the East. It is not likely to accomplish much good until some financial legislation of a definite character is framed to take its place. A large proportion of the American people are much dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs, and as long as people are dissatisfied, there can be no confidence, or solid business activity. Let Congress give us some financial legislation that will satisfy moderate men of all shades of opinion. The extremists on both sides can look out for themselves, or if they should get two extreme, the bulk of the American people—those who have not lost their cabezas—will undertake to look out for them.

If there is a poor little darned or undarned stocking in all Christendom that does not get loaded up tonight with either a woolly sheep, a jumping-jack, a doll, a trumpet, and some large red apples, oranges, walnuts, and sugar plums galore, then you people ought to be ashamed of yourselves. A Santa Claus who neglects or disappoints one of the little bits of fellows who has been waiting months and months for Christmas to come, is not worthy the name. You who have more should to-day of all days remember those who have little, especially the wee ones whose eyes can be made to shine, and whose hearts can be made to dance with delight, for so little money. God bless the man or woman who goes out of his or her way today to remember the poor, and He surely will.

There is a tidal wave of approval running through the Eastern press because our Midwinter Fair is to have no Board of Lady Managers. The cynicism at Chicago left a recollection behind it, and while the sweet creatures presided over by Mrs. Palmer were in point of picturesqueness only second to the dizzy delights of the Midway Plaisance, it was of such a lurid and tonguey kind—so full of the red fire of female rhetoric, that blisters while it illuminates—that the people in authority at San Francisco are perhaps wise in keeping the affair mentioned recollection carefully in mind. Let there be peace in Golden Gate Park at all events, even if it makes a riot in every woman's club on the Coast!

This continued talk about armed resistance to the United States on part of the provisional government of Hawaii is becoming very tiresome. They can make a show of resistance, and then surrender under protest, but to talk about opening hostilities upon Uncle Sam is altogether too ridiculous, and tends to lessen the sympathy which is felt for the existing government by a great many people in this country.

It is announced that the co-operative beet-sugar enterprise at Anaheim, which has been under way now for nearly two years, has at length got so far as to make a contract with a Cleveland (O.) firm for the erection of a factory to cost \$355,000, the same to be located three miles from Anaheim. The factory will have a capacity of 330 tons of beets per day, and is expected to be completed by July next.

The past year has been an active one in tree-planting throughout Southern California. Thousands of acres of new orchards have been planted out, special preference having been given to lemons and olives. The area of orchard that will come into bearing during the next twelve months is very large and will bring the coming fruit crop of Southern California up to a high figure.

During the discussion of this Hawaiian question few persons have stopped to reflect how great a compliment to the prestige of the United States among the nations of the world is involved in the fact that no other nation has attempted to take possession of the islands, either by diplomacy or force, although there are certainly several European nations

which would regard them as a valuable acquisition to their territory. It seems to be generally recognized that Uncle Sam will not permit these islands to pass into the possession of a foreign country, and, further, that he is able to back up his position in an effective manner. Since the United States began to construct a modern navy, there has been a noticeable increase in the respect with which we are treated by foreign nations.

An important feature in the progress of Southern California during the past year has been the wonderful success which has attended the planting of sugar beets near Anaheim, in the adjoining county of Orange. The percentages of sugar which have been obtained from this new sugar-beet section are far beyond anything that have hitherto been heard of, either in this country or Europe. Meantime, the Chico factory has been keeping up its splendid record. The success thus attained has assured the building of another factory at Anaheim during the coming year. Indeed, unless Congress should act very unfavorably toward the sugar industry, it is probable that several new factories will be erected in this section, which has shown itself to be especially adapted to the growth of this valuable crop. One of the most important features of the sugar-beet industry is the fact that it enables men of moderate means to make a living until their orchards come into bearing.

Eastern people who arrive in Los Angeles nowadays express surprise at the lively character of the streets. Spring street is, indeed, as thickly crowded with pedestrians as the Sunday Times is with "small ads," and it is sometimes a difficult task to elbow one's way through. The crowd of people at the postoffice door these latter days reminds one forcibly of the long line of people who used to wait for their mail during the boom. The hotels are all crowded, and houses are very scarce, while new business blocks are generally rented before the plaster is dry. All these are signs which talk more plainly than any figures, and which "he who runs may read." It is safe to say that Los Angeles is today the most lively city of its size in the United States, west of Chicago, and it is very doubtful whether in the whole country there is a city of equal population that can show so much business activity.

Foremost among the proofs of the remarkable prosperity which Los Angeles enjoys may be mentioned the weekly reports of the bank clearances in the principal cities of the country. These have been, during the year, such as to arouse attention and excite favorable comment throughout the United States. Week after week, with marked regularity, the clearances of Los Angeles have shown a considerable percentage of increase, while the clearances of the country at large have shown a great decrease. Last it should be supposed that the Los Angeles returns may have been "doctored." It may be remarked that this city labors under special disadvantages in this respect, as compared with San Francisco and other cities, from the fact that the clearing-house system is not so generally adopted as it is in most other places.

In today's issue is printed a full-page sketch of the city of Los Angeles, showing its growth and development, and its condition and prospects as they were six months ago, conservatively depicted. Later on, by way of contrast, we will print an exhibit of the progress made during the last half of 1893.

The circulation of The Times, which averaged 12,585 copies daily for November, has reached a daily average of 13,000 copies thus far in December. A detailed statement will be found at the head of the third page. This statement is interesting and instructive, as showing the circulation by localities.

CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas, make and make good cheer. For Christmas comes but once a year. —(Tusser.)

Sing of glory to God, and of good will to men! Sing of glory in chorus, The heavens bend o'er us! The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun. —(Whittier.)

Again at Christmas did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth. —(Tennyson.)

The dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born world. —(H. H. Boyeson.)

Lo! now is come our joyful feast! Let every man be jolly! Each room with ivy leaves is drest, And every post with holly. —(Wither.)

This happy day, whose risen sun Shall set not through eternity! This holy day when Christ the Lord Took on our flesh, and dwelt in us, For little children everywhere, A joyous season still we make. —(Phoebe Cary.)

At Christmas-tide, the open hand Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land; And none are left to grieve alone. For Love is heaven and claims its own. —(Margaret E. Sangster.)

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill; But 'tis the wisest as it will. We'll keep our Christmas merry still, To which the proprietor's genial and satisfied smile is a cordial testimonial. Mr. German has secured a wonderful display of silver antiques which will afford an unusual opportunity to the art lovers of Los Angeles to enlarge their collections. It comprises a mug said to be 300 years old, made in Germany; also 300 years old; two Roman friendship cups, and a silver representation of the Santa Maria under full sail.

There are also a number of very fine watches, mostly repeaters, made by the most celebrated makers in the world. This is probably the finest collection of watches ever shown in Los Angeles. Every article in the display is for sale, and at a very low price. "Do Du" music collector who knows anything about antiques of this class. No. 327 South Spring street.

CHRISTMAS TRADE.

How Local Merchants Feel Over the Present Holiday Season.

Stores Filled With Eager Shoppers, and Clerks and Salesmen Taxed to the Extreme Limit of Their Endurance—What a New-comer Has to Say.

There has been quite a rush of business this week in connection with the purchase of Christmas presents. The stores have been crowded with eager shoppers, and the clerks and salesmen have been taxed to the extreme limit of their endurance. What a new-comer has to say.

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TROPIC land! sun-kissed,
Crowned with the amethyst
Of the lush clover's bloom,
Through Winter's smiling noon;
Drowned on your hillsides
With the full orange tides

Of your poppies golden;
Fanned by the swaying palm,
Nursed in enchanted calm,

Steeped in fragrance sweet—
From sea to mountain's feet—
Of rose and orange flower;
Life from each winter shower
Springs and wakes the earth from slumber,
Making blossoms without number.

Violets peep, dewy-eyed,
And the nun-like lilies
Lift white faces to the skies,
While in its scarlet pride
Stirs the gay poinsetta,
Throwing off the wind's light fetter.

Deeper, vaster grow the skies,
Infinite they seem to rise;
And the fields the million spears
Of a standing army show;
Fragrant breath'd soft breezes blow,
And the golden orange spheres,

Like the starry planets shine,
While the vineyards yield their wine,
And the crystal rivers leap,
Waking from their summer sleep;
All their dry sands disappear,
The transparent atmosphere
Seems to bring the whole world near.

Hark! we hear
So full-throated
And the mock-
From the tall
Bend your ear
Golden is the
Flashing, mid
While he sings

Like a river in the skies,
Is the lark's song as he flies,
Bathed in rippling harmonies.

Golden-wing the butterfly,
Like a bit of sunshine gleams
O'er the crystal of the streams;
And with low, incessant hum,
Lo! the honey bees do come—
Floating argosies of sweets—
Robbers of the honey hid;
'Neath each drowsy blossom's lid;

And the quail calls soft and low
As through quiet paths we go.



See the yellow daisies swing,
Hear the breeze-swept bluebells ring,
While the cricket's steadfast call
Like the Angelus does fall,
When the Night her curtain drops
O'er the plains and mountain tops,
And the merry frogs we hear

Mid the reeded shallows near.
Lovers are they of the clime
Where each month is summer time,
And their bluff old chorister

Tunes his flute wherever lie
Shaded pools beneath the sky,
Where the waters seem to dream
In the shallows of a stream.



See the long brown furrows turned
Where the shining plow doth speed,
Making ready for the seed
To be nursed by winter's sun.
Scarce a week before you see
Harbingers of harvestry,
In the million blades that push
Through the soil. On tree and bush
All the sun's bright lances lie,
And beneath in mimicry.

See the leaf-like shadows stir,
Lying on the water's breast,
Or in tangles mid the grass,
Where the warm south wind doth
pass.

And we hear the low, swift whirr
Of the birds' wings as they fly
Twixt the blue of sea and sky.

Summer dreams in Winter's arms,
And his cheek is never old,
Never turns the sunny gold
Of his shining locks to gray;
Never fade his winning charms—
Stalwart, strong is he alway,
Never vexed and petulant,
Voicing only sweet content,
Dreaming like a maid, he lies



'Neath the splendor of his skies;
On his lips does summer press
Kiss of lingering tenderness.
Blooming days are always here,
And they press about the bier
Of the Old Year as he dies,
Breathing softest harmonies,
Winged with summer warmth, he flies,
King of beauty to his rest.

Eliza A. Otis



Along about now, when all the
quill-drivers in the land are writing
things about Christmas, the world's
best, cheeriest and most blessed hol-
iday, the Eagle bird could scarcely be
expected to refrain from plucking a
feather from his wing and dipping it
in the perfumed ink of holiday rhetoric
to write.

For even an imprisoned emblem of
freedom on a tall tower gets tangled
up in the atmosphere of good-will that
swims about his perch, and how can
he help it when he sees the boys in
gray down at Uncle Sam's misty post-
office struggling with misdirected
packages that are intended as presents
for people who are to be made happy
if the packages reach; when he sees
those busy fellows, Wells and Fargo,
working twenty-six hours a day amid
mounds of plunder that go rattling
away in big wagons behind the yelling
callopes of noisy locomotives to happy
people all over Christendom; when he
watches the skurrying shoppers plung-
ing along the streets under the weight
of numberless bundles with mysteri-
ous contents; and sees, too, the glad
light in happy eyes as they buy, buy,
that little folks and big folks, babies
and grandmas, lovers and sweethearts,
and all the rest of the great human
family may have at least one spasm
of pleasure in all the year. It is a
great time, Christmas is, and few of
you folks who have rustle up enough
of the stuff to buy with enjoy it more
than does the bird of the spreading
wing on his eerie height.

But along with this feeling of pleas-
ure in the bosom of the proud bird,
there is no doubt a sadness that Santa
Claus should not be the universal
saint of generosity that he is cracked
up to be.
For from this outlook, I can see
little fellows who are going to get up
tomorrow morning, not only with
empty stockings, but with no stockings
at all, and the only presents they will
get will be the sad one of tears upon
their lashes. They all know about the
patron saint of this beautiful sea-
son of love and good-will, but they are
not to share in it. Santa Claus will
go by them, and the gift they expected,
the marvelous woolly sheep, the tramp-
et, the drum, the red wagon, the roller-
skates, and the tin soldiers, are for the
other little fellows who live in the big
house over the way.

That's what hurts the Eagle in his
heart, for he feels that the most pain-
ful disappointment that can come to
man or child in all this world is the
one that follows a barren Christmas.
To the little fellow who expects some-
thing and fails to get it from Santa
Claus on his hands.
Watch the lot creep out from under
the scant coverings of his little bed to-
morrow morning at dawn, tip-toe to
the wall where he has hung his tooless
little stocking, serene in the faith that
it will be full of his heart's desires,
only to find it hanging flabby and
empty against the wall; then picture
his despair.

Note the little maiden with the eyes
of heaven's blue, who has for months
and months looked forward to that
beautiful, beautiful day she was "go-
ing to get for Christmas," and see
upon her face the heart-breaking look
of grief when Santa Claus fails her.
These are the tragedies of Christmas
morning, and would God they were not,
but they are.

Into the cheer and happiness of the
day there penetrates the sob of the
poor, and he who can help to lessen
the number of these tragedies, and
does it, is of the best of the earth.

There is one of the commandments,
"Thou shalt not lie," which the re-
cording angel must look at with one
eye of charity at this season of the
year. If he doesn't he has no business
holding down his job, and should resign
in favor of a better angel, for the fic-
tion of Santa Claus is one of fragrant
memory to every one who has outgrown
it. No one has woven this thought into
words so well as does James Whitcomb
Riley. In this bit of feller-I remember
still.

Just to almost cry for Christmas, like
a youngster will.
Fourth of July's nothin' to it.—New
York Times.

Easter Sunday—circus day—jes' all dead
in the shell!

Lordy, thought, and hear
The folks work the old story off about
the sleds and deer.

And
all wrapped in fur and fuz—
Long afore

I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, and set up late, a week or
two ahead;
Couldn't get to sleep, nor
wouldn't go to bed;

Kittle stewin' on the fire, and mother
settin' here
Darin' socks 'n' rockin' in the skeekey
rockin' cheer;

Pap pap, and wonder where it wuz
the money went,
And quar' with his frosted heels, and
spill his liniment;

And me dreamin' sleigh bells when the
clock 'ud whirl and buzz,
Long afore

I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Size the fireplace up, and figger how
"Old Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimney,
Wish that I could hide and see him—
wondered what he'd say;

Ef he ketcht a feller layin' fer him
that day;
But I bet on him, and like him, same
as if he had
Turned to pat me on the back, and say:
"Look here, you who has outgrown
Here's my pack—jes' he's your boy, like
all good boys does."

Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy Claus" wuz!

Wish that yarn was true about him,
as it 'peared to be;
Truth made out of lies like that un's
good enough fer me—
Wish I still wuz so confidin' I could
"see" go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's like the
little child
Climb in my lap tonight, and beggin'
me to tell
'Bout them reindeer, and "Old Santy"
that she loves so well.
I'm half sorry fer this little girl sweet-
heart of his—
Long afore
She knows who
"Santy Claus" is.

And so the Eagle bird joins in the
peacen of Christmas along with the rest
of you 'uns, and wishes everybody a

merry old time of it. He has refrained
from saying things about Grover and
the Queen of the Canadial Islands,
and disdains to mar the festive pleas-
ures of the occasion by uttering un-
parliamentary remarks about the world
of events that go wagnering in the
air.

Bring on the chestnut-flavored fowl
that gobbles while he lives—and what,
ho! the pie of mine!

Enter the plum pudding and the
hard sauce, the ice cream and the sad-
die-colored cake, replete with the fat
raisin of Fresno, and the currant of
Zante! Make wagnering noise with the
toy drum, the blithesome blare of the
warlike trumpet (boys' size) and the
rattle of the doll buggy of com-
merce.

Turn loose upon a thousand homes
the warriors of tin and the woolly
sheep on wheels, for Christmas is
crowing things, merrily close this
morning, and don't you forget it!
THE EAGLE.

A CHRISTMAS CARRIAGE.

From the soft southern seas came a
deuce of a breeze, and blew up a storm
just as slick as you please, and the
damp, dreary clouds came in couples
and crowds, and veiled the fair moun-
tains in sorrowful shrouds.

Soon the dear little daisies will spring
into view, while the orange trees rear
blossom or two, and Jennie can ram-
ble among the sweet flowers with Wil-
lam Augustus for many long hours, and
talk of the bees and the buds and the
trees, while they fill up their lungs on
the whispering breeze, and gaze on the
clouds as they float up above, and wind
up the circus by talking of love. If
William will about when he goes out for
pose, he needs to look out for the
knees of his clothes, for the ground will
be wet and dear William will get un-
kneesy when praying petitions, you bet!

'Way out on the commons the straw-
berry steer is holding his head like he
wanted to hear if the young gingers
feed's going to tell what it is and sing
it folded its arms in the summer's fierce
glow, and waited and watched for the
rains, don't you know. But he's hungry
and old, and when he is told, his heart
will stand still and his body turn cold,
and by looking real close you can prob-
ably see by his steers and his size how
oxidized he'll be.

The peaks are all clothed in a gar-
ment of white, like a feminine going
to roost in the night, with a tea gown
all bound in a fringe of real lace, and
a mixture of something stuck over her
face. Oh! should you have the chance
chance in the room, I fear for his ter-
rible, terrible doom, for one glance is
enough, though his heart be as tough
as the poor sailor's dinner of holiday
duff, to break it in twain with the
terrible pain! (But there! this is awful,
and so I refrain.)

Soon the gang plow will gang to its
work in the field, and the driver will
figure how much it will yield if the
season is good, as it certainly should
be, after a rain that is nice, and not
rude. He knows that his gang turns
the soil over clean, so he put in the
barley to make it gangreen, and he
chuckles with mirth as he tears up the
earth; he is naughty, and smiles with a
face that is misen.

Now the quail plays his lute in the
glimmering dawn, you get ready to
shoot, whirr! away he is gone! then
"bangity bang!" Oh! bother the thing!
you thought you "had him, but find
that you "hain't." "His surely enough
to vex even a saint. And the cotton-
tail cottons to how to fool you, and
bob through the brush for a second or
two, just as straight as a rule, and
then, like a fool, he bobs to one side,
and he oughtn't to do, and away go your
shot where the rabbit is not, and you
feel rather green, although you are blue.

The hens will shell out many eggs
in a day, and blithely sing a post-
coital lay, while the rooster will smile
most a third of a mile when present-
ing the bugs with last season's bill,
as every rooster undoubtedly will.

And the man who sells coal and a
short load of wood has us all in a
hole, as he thinks that he should, and
he says with a laugh: "Yep, three
sacks and a half. The price is \$6;
please pay in advance, or it naturally
follows you must get the coal to get
it delivered inside of a week." He
knocks you so coal that you wooden-
knot speak.

And butter will fall from its home
in the skies, and the dining-room wall
is now covered with flies, all clammy
in death, for the winter's cool breath
has brought to an end the summer
stop, the "Fugit of Tempes" in win-
ter-time's shop.

Then Christmas has come to roost
with us here, with its nose of peo-
ple and chunks of good cheer, and the
weary old dad, as he looks in his purse,
says, "It looks pretty bad, but it might
as well be worse," and he turns with
sigh to inspecting the stack of bills of
all kinds, with his name on the back.

And his children all sit in the Christ-
mas-tide glow, and have such an in-
fant time, don't you know, and the
friends who inquire for the shabby old
sire will be told by the boys, with a
sneer and a smile, that "pa don't en-
joy himself any more, hardly things
worth while to come home from the
store."

No, they never have noticed the iron-
gray hair, and the shoulders bow; he'll
with their burden of care, and the fal-
tering step and the eyes that have
wept a flood of tears while the fam-
ily slept. No, they will not notice
till some dreary dawn, he'll be found
in his place with a smile on his face, and
then when too late, and old daddy is
gone, they will find the old boss
couldn't keep up the pace.

ALFRED L. TOWNSEND.

A MAIDEN'S "NO."

There was a maiden fair to see—
Oh, she was wondrous fair,
Whose eyes as blue as the sky can be,
And sunny golden hair.

Her virgin form was plump and round;
Her dainty hands were white;
Her little feet just touched the ground
With steps both free and light.

Her happy heart was young and free;
Her laughter joyous gay;
A sweeter maiden scarce could be—
More lovely every day.

This dainty child, so wondrous fair,
One sunny summer day,
Was walking out to get the air,
In all her fine array.

When came a romping boy along,
With swagger, strut and smile,
Who asked the maid if it were wrong
To kiss her lips the while.

She flushed and felt to anger, he,
And said he was too rough;
The more he teased, the more she chafed,
Of him she'd had enough.

The more she famed, the more he laughed,
And begged again the kiss;
His voice was deep and low,
Although she thought it bliss.

She said she never could kiss a man,
Said he: "I'll do the best I can,
I'll also marry you."

But then she said he was uncouth,
With swag and strut and smile;
And not a wily romping youth,
Proclaiming her his bride.

His face then long and solemn grew,
The more he teased, the more she chafed,
He never did it, though.

Though this was many years ago,
I've heard it lately said,
She never told a soul of it,
And still she lives a maid.

FRED W. FEARSON.



It seems incredible that a man could
make an independent fortune out of
such a play as "Alvin Karpis," but
Charles L. Davis wears diamonds galore,
and has built a magnificent playhouse
in Pittsburgh wholly from the proceeds
of that trail of his entire success is
based upon the somewhat droll but
oftentimes silly mannerisms of Mr.
Davis, who is an impossible character
in real life, and his play is, as a work,
devoid of dramatic merit. That it has
had a continuous existence on the
American stage for sixteen years is a
violent reflection on the taste and dis-
cretion of the American play-going pub-
lic. It ought to be shelved, and Mr.
Davis might well retire with it to the
classic shades of the Smoky City with
his glittering gew-gaws and give the
fair folk of the U.S.A. a good long rest.
The U.S.A. would appreciate the favor.

Katie Putnam, the blithe and merry
little woman whose work on the stage
had been commended by the most ex-
acting and intelligent dramatic writers
of our time, commences her engage-
ment at the Los Angeles Theatre to-
morrow afternoon in her newest play,
"The Little Maverick." It is an offshoot
of a "Texas" ranch, and of a nature,
a diamond in the rough. Katie
Putnam is a bright, vivacious actress,
and the part of the Little Maverick,
or Little Kate, is written expressly
for her, and is admirably suited to her
light, winsome, childish manner. She
is introduced to the audience as a little
wild, untamed Texan, who swings a
lasso and bestrides the bucking bronco,
finding life and fun with "the boys" on
the ranch. She is a rollicking little
fly-away, and yet with such a touch
of that human tenderness that no
breeding can give that by her little
bursts of merriment she sets the house
in a roar, and when on the rebound
by a little heart pathos, which causes
the tears to leap to the eye, and so she
holds them "twixt a smile and a tear
from beginning to end. The piece is in-
tended as a satire on the un-American-
ism of our wealthy girls, throwing
themselves at the feet of the dissolute
and the idle, and the best representa-
tives of humanity and truest patrio-
tism. The author has given us a play
which inculcates a love for this land
of the free, and when in Ireland he
makes his heroine celebrate the glorious
Fourth in true American style, he
causes the tears of his countrymen
to swell with true national pride, and
the smell of burning powder carries
them back to childhood days. There is
some clever singing and dancing, and
a delightful performance is promised.

Charles Dickson will appear at the
Los Angeles Theatre Thursday, Decem-
ber 28, presenting "Admitted to the
Bar." Mr. Dickson has a reputation
as one of the cleverest light comedians
on the American stage. Still a very
young man, he has attained the po-
sition to which he has arrived as the
result of talent and unremitting labor.
During the past few years he has re-
mained in New York devoting his at-
tention to the creation of the comedy
parts in important productions, which
are given what are known as "star
casts," in order to insure their success,
and "The Stepping Stone," "The Power
of the Press," "The Merchant," and
several other plays were aided by Mr.
Dickson's interpretation of his part.

His next productions are those in
which he has been seen here, viz:
Jack Dexter, in "The Wife," the corre-
spondent, in "Held by the Enemy,"
Allen Weeks, in "A Possible Case," and
Tom Stanley, in "The Merchant." His
company is said to be an excellent one,
comprising the following people:
Thomas A. Wise, Frederick Backer,
Ernest C. Cushman, Gustave York, Henry
Sheldon, Louis L. Mason, Edgar Allen,
Dolly Nobles, Margaret Fitzpatrick,
Lillian Burkhardt, Elizabeth Hunt
and Ruth Rock.

According to the New York critics, "A
Woman No Importance," in which
Miss Rose Coghlan and her company
appeared at the Fifth-avenue Theatre,
two weeks ago, has very little to
recommend it, but the fault is more
than atoned for by the brilliancy of the
dialogue. The following gems are
gleaned from the many in which the
play abounds:

"America is the paradise of women.
That is why so many of them are, like
Eve, anxious to get out of it."
"When a man is old enough to tell one
her age would tell one anything."

"What is a bad woman? The sort of
woman one never sees in the street."
"The soul is born old and grows
younger, and the body is born young and grows old—
that is the tragedy."

"Taking sides is the beginning of sin-
cerity; earnestness follows shortly after,
and the human being becomes a bore."

"What are American dry goods?
American novels."

"America is its only tradition, and that has been going on
for over 300 years."

"One can survive everything except
death, and live down everything but a
good reputation."

"My husband is a sort of promissory
note, and I am tired of meeting him."
"Ernest talks fit the time, but he
has no conversation."

"Life is simply mauvays quart
d'heure of exquisite hopes."

"When a man is old enough to do
wrong, he should be old enough to do
right."

"To get into the best society one has
to be a simpleton, to amuse people or to
shock people."

"The happiness of a married man de-
pends upon the people he hasn't mar-
ried."

"American women are wonderfully
clever in concealing their parents."

"Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the
Czar," is announced as the Christmas
attraction at the Burbank Theatre. As
yet it is superbly mounted, and
gorgeously costumed. It should be a
strong one. Scenic Artist Lemons has
painted new and beautiful scenery of
a strikingly spectacular kind, and the
production, in this regard, promises to
be the finest ever given in the city.
Darré, Vinton will appear in the title
role, supported by George Woodhouse
and the entire company. A complete
vaudeville company has been engaged,
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J. M. PIRTLE,
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Secretary and Treasurer.

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IN THIS PAPER JANUARY 21.

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State Loan and Trust Company,
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Abstracts and Certificates furnished at Lowest Prices. Give this new company a trial.

GEO. HANNA, Secretary.

A DAY IN MEXICO.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE CITY OF SAN LUIS POTOSI.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

In the city of San Luis Potosi, which is about 150 kilometers, or Mexican miles, north of the City of Mexico, one is awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the firing of cannons. A few minutes later the bugle-call is sounded. Then comes the heavy tread of the soldiers and pack-mules in their customary drill, which lasts one hour.

At the bugle-call the servants, or criados, rise from the stone floor, where they have slept on a goat-skin rug, and begin the day's labor by sweeping out the unoccupied rooms and the patios. This they do almost bent double, as their brooms are only a bunch of straws about one foot and a half in length.

As there is but one entrance to the casa, the waste is swept out the front door into the street, and is taken up by the garbage wagon at 5:30 o'clock, and hauled a mile or so from town, where it is pounced upon by eagerly waiting, half-starved wretches, who struggle and push each other about as they sift the trash and take therefrom every morsel of food, every bit of cloth.

Breakfast over and the casa set to order, the servant takes her basket and proceeds to the plaza to do the marketing for the day. If the senora is wise, she accompanies her servant. It is economy, to do so. Maybe the girl can't count her centavos, or, perhaps, the tradesman is dishonest. But, at all events, she invariably comes back short.

And what a sight the plaza is. A restlessness surging to and fro; buying, selling, begging, laughing, and tormenting you to carry your basket where you will for a quartillo, or 5 cents.

Here the Americans, or "gringos," as the Mexicans say, are greatly distressed by beggars—some old, some terribly deformed, and all very pitiful. These poor creatures belong to the lowest class. They live in tents made of brush,

and by begging and stealing just manage to keep body and soul together. Their clothes are the most wonderful specimen of patch-work I have ever seen.

On the outside of the plaza, rusty, ragged, and leathery-looking women are presiding over small tables of unappetizing-looking dulce, or candy. Others have coffee, chili con carne, which is meat with peppers, tortillas and frijoles, or Mexican beans. Then crowds are squatted, Indian fashion, on the ground in the glaring sun, with their wares arranged about them—pottery, wooden ware of every description, old iron ware, keys, old clothes, carpets, chairs, etc. Inside, the center aisle is filled with fruit and vegetables that may be bought very reasonably. Oranges and bananas, 1 cent apiece; onions, six for 1 cent; tomatoes, 1 cent apiece. Beef and pork can be bought for 14 cents per pound, and rats—fearful to tell—for 6 cents apiece. Water is best engaged by the month. It will be brought to your door every morning by a man who has two gasoline cans suspended one on each end of a strong, straight limb, which he carries across his shoulders. One can contains "la aguazul," or blue water, which is used for drinking and cooking purposes. For this you must pay 3 cents a can. In the other can is "la aguanegra," or black water, for dish washing, etc. This will cost you 1 cent a can. The blue water is boiled, and strained into a large olla of clay, where it will keep cool and fresh until next day.

Tortillas will also be delivered at your door if ordered. These are made by boiling grains of corn until perfectly soft; they are then put on a block of stone, slightly hollowed out, and rolled and crushed by another round piece of stone until they become a perfect gum. Portions of this are then patted with the hands into small circular cakes and baked on the hot embers. They have no seasoning, not even salt. Tortillas are what the middle class, or peons, chiefly exist on. They are sold six for a cent.

At 12 o'clock the stores are closed, all business ceases, and nearly all the denizens have a quiet siesta until 3 o'clock. Then business is resumed.

The senora and senorita dress for the evening, and things become more lively until 5 o'clock, when the passenger train on the Mexican National comes in. This is one of the events of the day, and hundreds of people are congregated to witness the incoming and outgoing of this train. Here will be seen vendors with fruit, horn dishes, pottery, rebosas and similar articles, which they eagerly offer to the passengers.

The better class of people stand quietly to one side and look on. The American is also glad to hail this train, for perhaps it brings a letter or a message from the dear ones at home. As the day wanes and darkness comes on, the crowd begins to gather at the main plaza, which is situated near the center of the city, flanked on three sides by business houses, and on the other by a dark, solemn-looking old cathedral. The plaza is bright with green lawns, fragrant flowers, principally sweet violets, and graceful orange trees laden with golden fruit. There are statuary and many fountains, whose waters sparkle and flash in the electric lights. The band-stand is in the center of the plaza, and by 8 o'clock the music begins. The seats and well-kept walks are filled with rich and poor alike. Laughter, song and merriment are heard on every side. The carefully-guarded senorita looks serenely happy, and "eyes speak love to eyes that speak again." The music continues until 12 o'clock, and ends in one of those beautiful, dreamy Spanish waltzes, after which the crowd separates, each seeking his own home—some going to grandeur, some to direst poverty.

Such is a day in Mexico.
BERNIE CHRISTOPHER.
Glendale.

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Is now in its tenth year. It is larger and better than ever before. Facilities unsurpassed. Rates of tuition low. Illustrated catalogue free.

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CHILDREN'S school shoes, the best and cheapest on earth, at Joseph Bickel's, No. 112 East First street, east of Main.

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This beautiful tract, bounded by Twelfth street and Stanford avenue (80 feet wide), ten minutes walk of the Postoffice, one block of the finest public school in Los Angeles, one block of electric cars, streets graded, water piped, lots covered with orange and other fruit trees 25 years old. These lots are

50x140 TO 20-FOOT ALLEY!

They will be offered for sale on December 28, 1893, at one-half their cash value. This great sacrifice will be made to clear off a certain indebtedness. Don't buy until you see these fine lots. For maps and particulars see

GRIDER & DOW,
109½ South Broadway.

INEXPENSIVE PLEASURES.

The Rich Man, After All, Has No Monopoly on the Good Things of Life.

(Harper's Weekly.) The comparatively cheap pleasures seem to be the best, not only for Christmas, but in life generally. There is so little that the very rich can buy for themselves that need stir envy in people who are just comfortably off. Warmth, is such a delightful thing in winter, but you and I can get as much as we want of it, and a millionaire can have no more. And then there are so many cheap, ordinary things to eat that are just as good as, or better than, the expensive things. An epicure who lives somewhere in the western part of this State was saying, the other day, that, having a particular

dinner in view, he sent to a judicious man in New York for the best fish that the market offered. They sent him a fresh cod, and he admitted that no fish could be better, and moralized (those are his remarks above) on the comparative cheapness of the fleshly gratifications that were really best, such as potatoes and chickens and fresh air, and tea and water (warm and cold,) and soap, and sleep. When one considers how good a big 5-cent sandwich tastes when he is really hungry, and what a poor thing a \$5 dinner is when he is not, and how little difference there is between good wine and good water when it has once passed one's gullet, and how much of that difference is in favor of the water, it really lends a dangerous charm to economy and simple living, and makes one wonder that thrift is not

more catching, and that the delights of avarice should be so generally monopolized by the aged.

One of the cases where a cheap article is often at least as good as a dear one is in the matter of sons-in-law. How often it happens that the plain, cheap son-in-law who exacts no bonus, and even in some cases contributes to his wife's support, turns out in the end to be really more valuable and satisfactory than the bankrupt loafer-prince who costs a million or two at the start, and all that he can lay his hands on afterward!

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HAVE you seen them? Our trimmed hats, and the prices they are being sold at now. Everything reduced to clear out fall goods. Prices way down, at Hoffman's Modern Millinery Store, No. 240 South Spring street.

250 ENVELOPES, 50¢; 1/2 ream writing paper, 25¢. Langstader, 214 West Second.

STORY OF CROKER.

His Boyhood Home and Early Education.

A Tale as Wonderful as Any in the Arabian Nights.

Prowess as Leader of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang.

The Secret of His Power—The Sort of Man It Takes to Run Democratic Machine Politics in Gotham.

Special Correspondence of The Times.
NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—There is something almost weird about the rise of Richard Croker. To contemplate the man as he is, the

boyhood was poor, and so were the people. Yet in the vicinage of Croker's youth and manhood were passed. In December of 1854 the whole family again moved, but only the distance of a block or so. The new address was No. 54 East Twenty-eighth street, a property which no longer exists under that designation. It was far humbler than the one they just quitted, but the Crokers were in it full-fledged tenants, not sub-tenants. The "veterinary surgeon" was not doing particularly well, so Mrs. Croker took respectable mechanics as boarders. For years she toiled as best she could, and Dick was the only one who helped her much. George was the first to earn money. "Ed," another brother, was something like his father.

Such schooling as Richard Croker got in his life is indebted to the public school which still stands on East Twenty-seventh street, near Third avenue. "Dick" was 12 when he began attending it, and, of course, fit only for the primary. Miss Frances M. Faulkner was head teacher, succeeded in 1854 by well-known Martha Ganser. William H. Hood was principal of the male department. They remembered Richard Croker in after years as a boisterous, noisy, dark-haired, crinkled, during his last year there he was many a time sent home with a "bad rate" for fighting. It is further re-

ported to another by this man. Visit the old haunts of Croker, and its one-time members will say: "If Quigley had lived, there never would have been no Dick Croker. Quigley had both legs cut off by a train in the tunnel. He laughed when they took him to the hospital. He died in early manhood, a circus stancer while New York was indebted to his opportunity to contribute such a wealth of unique material in the person of Richard Croker toward a history of municipal government in America. Then there were the Riley boys, sons of Section Foreman Riley. Many a time those lads have wiped the pavement of Third avenue with Richard Croker.

Ask any of the boss's old-time pals why they never go near Dick nowadays and your simplicity will cause a smile. They never could get to him. The man can now afford to despise the ladder by which he climbed up. Croker rarely beheld on the scene of his early triumphs. He has turned his back on the friends of his obscure days. Of all the fights in which Richard Croker has participated, three at least must be mentioned in an impartial biography: First, his fight with Reddy Hoskins, a constable, in the second, his fight with Pat Kelly in the latter's saloon, Thirty-fifth street and Third avenue; and third, his fight with Dickie Lynch in Jones' woods on a Sunday morning. In one of these contests Croker chewed off his opponent's ear. His friends say it was at Kelly's bar, and others claim it was Dickie Lynch's ear. One of Croker's fighting methods lay in this use of his mouth. Amid the fury of a fist fight, as many members of the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang learned to their cost, he would rush upon his antagonist, bear him to the ground by sheer weight, and then bite.

So Croker grew to manhood. He was a fairly skillful mechanic, but his wages did not exceed \$20 a week. But he made money in other ways. The elder Croker's naturalization made citizens of his sons. It was in the slum that Richard Croker began his annual practice of placing himself at the head of the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang, and marching on a triumphant repatriation. He would lead a polling place to another. Thus he laid the foundation of his political power. The brother George went on the police force. Richard himself, however, entered in the saloon on Fourth avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth streets, which achieved celebrity in its day as a certain "rough" place. But Croker never owned a saloon out or in.

In fact, wherever there was a gang there was Richard Croker. He became stoker of engine company 23, and thus originated the fire-hose gang. Then he got in with the "Mackereles," and the "Hookies." Other gangs, and with them the "Fingtown" and "Bungtown Rangers," and the "Metropolitan Bandits." Any one curious enough to read the New York Tribune of October 3, 1888, will find therein an account of how the "notorious Dick Croker" took "fully five thousand of the most hardened desperados" to Philadelphia. They were gangs Croker had organized. The Tribune describes the five thousand as "all well armed and spoiling for a fight."

It was the day of Pennsylvania's famous "pivotal" election, and the occasion of Croker's most gigantic repeating expedition. But this is the stuff of the story. It must still be told how Croker, who was brought up an aggressive Orangeman, came to join the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Croker lived upstairs.

A SUDDEN CONVERT. That part of New York city which, up to 1867, was the scene of Richard Croker's struggles and triumphs has long been noted as the most famous Catholic parish in the United States. There is St. Stephen's Church, and at the period in question its pastor was a young man who has since become one of the most celebrated prelates in this country. The church, a beautiful edifice and the home of the young clergyman, were the dwellings of the parishioners, they were the people. One of the part of the world, probably, would have been found a priest and flock more zealous in the faith, more prompt to resist any insidious activity as Eyre C. Croker manifested was not as may be expected, calculated to attract to the church. The Croker was an aggressive Orangeman, who paraded on each recurring anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne and an indifferent but an ardent devotee of the Catholic faith. In justice to him, however, it must be acknowledged that he never hesitated to stand by his views. Naturally, he brought up his children in his way of thinking. James O'Brien was at this time, the political leader of the district. He had been chosen Alderman by a vote of forty and when Richard Croker concluded that he, too, would be an Alderman it was but proper to consult leader O'Brien.

Accordingly, a "delegation" waited upon that gentleman. This was early in 1867. The delegates were led by Bernard Costello, James O'Brien, and the other members of the delegation. Richard Croker for membership in the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York were duly forth. Mr. O'Brien was requested to endorse them. Mr. O'Brien, while not denying the validity of the arguments presented to him, found an insuperable obstacle in the objectionable non-thingness with which the name of Croker was connected. The "delegation" declared that their candidate belonged to no religion, but Leader O'Brien answered that there had been no man feeling aroused over the matter. Finally after much pestering he expunged the name of Croker from the nomination list to join the Catholic church.

Alderman now ex-Sheriff O'Brien, declares to this day he never dreamed his words would be taken seriously. But the night Croker joined the Catholic church, that is, he joined it as a fashion of his own. Alderman O'Brien says he was completely non-plussed when the matter was brought to him a few days later. There was nothing for it but to chide Croker's friends by nominating him. For the next few weeks the leader of the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang swayed about the Twenty-first Ward in the new and interesting character of a pillar of the church.

Now here is where Croker showed the thick-headedness which invariably proves fatal to the success of anything he undertakes. His members were idle mechanics, unemployed hackmen and street roughs. They terrorized the Twenty-first Ward. The most famous member of the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang was a chap named Ed Quigley. He was a giant in strength, a tyrant in disposition and mechanic by trade. He hated Croker. Many a flat fight the two had. They were rival bullies, with Quigley in the lead. The present boss of New York used to be kicked from one street cor-

ridor. How long, I cannot say, for I am speaking from memory. John Kelly was best man at the wedding. Fortunately, there is no need to depend upon any one's memory. The records of St. Stephen's Church tell the whole story. Richard Croker was married in 1873, and he was not baptized until after he became engaged. For nearly six years he was claiming to be a Roman Catholic, before he had received the sacrament of baptism. Speaking from a public platform, in the presence of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in New York, a Roman Catholic priest of Irish extraction, exclaimed last November: "Tammany has degraded my race in this country!"

The Tammany men entered vehement denials and asked for reasons. One of the reasons is in the fact that Richard Croker's Catholicism is so much like the Boss John McKane's Methodism, and the only possible excuse for entering into a subject of this nature is the light it throws upon the character of the boss.

THE MAN TODAY. Many things about Richard Croker have been made so familiar to the people of New York by constant repetition that even allusion to them is tiresome. Hence, in the present attempt to present the less known facts of his career, no mention will be made of his trial for murder, of his various incumbencies of office and of the jobberies with which his name is associated. But there is one circum-



James O'Brien as he looked at the time of Croker's conversion.

stance in the present condition of Richard Croker which seems invested with a perennial interest—his wealth. When it is remembered that the boss of New York has a net worth of \$1,000,000, it is not to be wondered at that curiosity is eager.

Many persons declare that Croker is worth more than \$1,000,000. But when such persons are asked what his wealth is in they cannot answer. To be sure, they will point to the stately mansion on Twenty-fourth street, which cost, for the bare house and lot, \$35,000, and in the princely fitting up of which a sum far in excess of that amount was expended. The decorating of one room alone cost \$25,000. But a mortgage for \$50,000 covers the property and Croker's other house on Morris avenue. It is alleged that Croker has a place in a blind, a trust company holding it in favor of a near relative. But how can this be shown? Then the Croker-Crokers holdings are certainly not a small matter. But the Richmond Springs farm land was sold a few years ago for \$10,000, and even offered for \$500,000, and since then the Croker-Crokers have increased in value. The same is true of the southern property. Yet, say the believers in the fabulous fortune, these are the highest of the high.

Croker's horses have attracted great attention. His possessions in that line are valued at \$500,000. Now, Croker has a list of the Croker animals at his fingers' ends, and no such sum as half a million would be given for the entire list. So that item must be cut down. It is well known that the intrigues in which Tammany figures often have a profound effect upon Wall Street. Many a fortune in stocks has dwindled and shrunk in consequence of some secret conference in the wigwam. Many accusations have been made that Croker has not hesitated to invest upon the "tips" he has access to. But what evidence exists that this is so? What stock holder has been known to be Croker's? Suppose the investigating committee, of which so much is whispered just now, really came to the conclusion that Croker is a disprove before it Croker's sworn statement that he is a poor man? His assets would shrink like a sensitive plant under the microscope. He himself knows their amount, but there is no reason to believe that they are large.

The difficulties to be met with in an investigation of Croker's finances are increased by his eminently characteristic habit of employing the officials of the city of New York as the capacity of his own personal dummies. The property on One Hundred and Twenty-first street, of which so much has been written, was purchased by Croker from Frank Hardy and William Caldwell, but the purchase was made in the name of "Mike" Daly, whom the boss subsequently made a Commissioner of Public Works. To effect this purchase—the price of the property was \$22,000—Croker himself paid over \$45,000 in cash, not a cent, but not a note. And at this very time he was swearing up hill and down dale that he wasn't worth \$10,000 in all the world.

There was a transaction on behalf of the poverty-stricken Croker, involving the purchase of property at one-hundred and forty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, consummated through "Ed" Sheehy, now Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. This property was bought in the name of Croker's wife's mother. Such are the ramifications of a boss's investments. And, by these proceedings, he has acquired the double purpose of personal gain and of involving others in his schemes. The Tammany magnates are bound to Croker's chariot by chains of their own forging. Adopting another Tammany man's metaphor, they have all put to sea in the same bowl. Nor are all the transactions exclusively in real estate. That famous sum of \$180,000, collected for Croker's confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, was not returned on certain Christmas day, after all. The true story of that money has never been told.

Nevertheless, Croker's means remain a mystery. The only thing left, therefore, is to consider the style in which Croker lives. Here there can be no uncertainty. It is not necessary to say much about the house in which Croker dwells, because its splendors have been heralded. So have his horses and carriages. Even the Croker coat-of-arms and the Croker crest, which came into existence only recently, have received due notice. Mr. Croker's new tendencies socially have also been attracting attention. His dinners and his guests are by no means unpretentious. When the officials of the French fleet were entertained at his house the plutocracy were outdone. It is only justice to note that Mr. Croker has always been an exemplary family man. His two strapping sons, Richard J. and Frank, both late in their teens, are like the other children, being educated in a manner suited to the rank in life. There are German masters, French masters, dancing-masters, drawing masters, and fencing-masters. The families of numerous multi-

millionaires do not live as well as the family of Richard Croker. Nor do they dress so well and look so well.

For this Richard Croker has not a vulgar look. His present appearance has that rough distinction observable in a big, well-fed, well-groomed dog. He is always well attired, looking like a bank president somewhat, in his black cutaway coat and waistcoat and fine striped, unemphatic trousers. His only jewelry is one ring, a gold watch and chain, with seals and gold studs and shirt buttons. He is very solicitous about his two big boys, and frequently accompanies them to places of amusement.

These, however, are not Mr. Croker's only virtues as a family man. Every relative of his who is so fortunate as to dwell within the limits of New York city draws money from the municipal treasury. Mr. Croker's brother, George, has a lucrative court clerkship. Another brother, Edward, is dead, but he left two sons. One of them is chief of his fire battalion; the other succeeded his own father in the Department of Public Works. Mr. Croker's sister, Sarah, is also dead, but she left a son, now the wife of one Samuel Warren. Samuel Warren is in the customhouse. The fact that Mr. Croker's third sister married Dr. Jenkins has also been making of that physician, for he is practically the New York Board of Health. Even Mr. Croker's relatives by marriage are provided for, one of them being Capt. Collins, of the park police, while another set of public revenue receivers are equally indebted for all their worldly influence to their Croker kinship.

That characteristic which prompted his old pals to call Richard Croker "thick" is manifest in the man today. He is taciturn, and, with his stubby, stocky beard and slow, ruminative air, seems to possess wisdom in a heavy way. When he is spoken to, he will look up, think a moment, and when apparently on the brink of utterance, he will look gloomily at you, as much as to say: "You thought I was going to say something, didn't you? But I'll keep my mouth shut."

Such is the man who made the oath of poverty before an investigating committee. Mr. Croker lives a leisurely life now. As stated he gives much time to his home and his horses. One of his recent characteristics is in awakening pride in his ancestry. There was a Crofton Croker some generations back who had a certain literary vogue in his day. He wrote for the Dublin Review and met the wits of that time on terms of equality. Richard Croker is becoming interested in Crofton Croker and the heraldry office.

But how comes it that Richard Croker, instead of some other man, rose to the bossship of Tammany? "Why he more than another?" If he be as stupid as they say, how explain his present position? Richard Croker's method in life is very simple. He bullies his way up. He bullied his way at school and he bullied his way to leadership in the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang. He can acquire power in no other manner. He is the boss of Tammany because he knows how to bully. He will have no one about him whom he cannot bully. He knows that in the contests wherein bullying is no factor, he can never amount to anything. That is why he represents one man's power so peculiarly. Tammany is the Fourth-avenue tunnel gang on a gigantic scale. Its members have no more voice in its control than the coolies in Ceylon. If they don't like that, they can get out. But there is good reason to stay in. Croker represents a selfish combination of which the safety is numbers and cohesion. The Tammany men know that if they take orders patiently the time will come for a police justiceship, a commissionership, a place in the Assembly. What use is brains in Tammany? It only counts one vote. So the saloon men, the dissemblers, the policy men, the gamblers, the heelers, are as one man and that man an arch-bully. And when they act in concert, their divided-opponents, who call themselves Anti-Snappers, and Laborites, and Republican and the County Democracy and so forth, go down like wheat before the reaper.

The beginning of Richard Croker will always be the most extraordinary chapter in the history of municipal government in America. (Copyright, 1888.)

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The early history of Los Angeles City is as interesting as its recent growth has been wonderful. It is an old city, as American cities go, having been founded in 1781.

It was on September 4 of that year that, in conformity with an order of the then Governor of California, Felipe Neri, dated at the Mission of San Gabriel on August 28, twelve adult males, all heads of families, established El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles. These men had been soldiers at the Mission of San Gabriel, and although relieved of military service, continued to receive pay and rations from the Spanish government. The total number of persons comprising the settlement was forty-six, twenty of whom were children under ten years of age. Of the twelve adult men, two were natives of Mexico, one a cross between a negro and an Indian from South America, and the other nine from Sinaloa, Sonora, and Lower California.

LAYING OUT THE TOWN.

For the center of the town a parallel 100 varas long and wide was laid out for public square. Twelve house lots, fronting on the square, occupied three sides of it. One-half of the remaining side of seventy-five varas was destined for public buildings, and the other half an open space. At a short distance from the square, and upon the alluvial bottom land of the river, upon which water for irrigation could be easily conducted, there were laid out thirty fields, containing 40,000 square varas each. The head of each family was furnished from the royal treasury with two oxen, two mules, five mares, two sheep, two goats, two cows with one calf, one donkey and one hoe.

Such was the beginning of the city of Los Angeles. Municipal power was vested in an alcalde appointed by the Governor. The evolution of the municipality from its military character was slow. The history of the city for the first half century of its existence was uneventful. In 1821 there was a small revolution, and for some time Los Angeles was the seat of government of Gov. Echandia. Six years later, it was the scene of a revolution, and Congress. Los Angeles county was the scene of several encounters between American and Mexican troops, until the occupation of the city by United States troops in 1846, at which time the venerable *Don Pío* still a resident of Los Angeles, was the last Mexican Governor of the State, with headquarters in the city.

SLOW GROWTH AT FIRST.
The town of Los Angeles, from its settlement onward for more than fifty years, had a population greater than any other of the towns of California. The first census of which there was any record was taken in 1836. The population of what are now Los Angeles and Orange counties was then 2223, of which number 553 were domesticated Indians. The census gave the number of foreign residents of Los Angeles as forty-six, of whom twenty-one were classified as Americans. The subsequent growth of the city in population is shown by the following figures:

| | |
|-----------------------|------|
| 1850 (Americans)..... | 30 |
| 1851 (all told)..... | 650 |
| 1852..... | 1183 |
| 1853..... | 1183 |
| 1854..... | 1183 |
| 1855..... | 6036 |

As will be seen by these figures, the growth of the city was very gradual up to 1850. Even for several years after the latter date, Los Angeles was a decidedly dull city. Twelve years ago people were selling out their property for a song, and going to Arizona, where a boom was then under way, consequent upon the discovery of the Tombstone mines. Those who had faith in the future of the pueblo were few.

HOW THE BOOM CAME.
Rail communication with the North was opened in 1876, but there were no signs of a revival until the latter part of 1881, when the Southern Pacific, which had gone on building East, met the Santa Fe at Deming. Then land began to rise in value, but not rapidly. People had no idea of what was coming. In that year you could buy property within the city limits at a few hundred dollars an acre that is now worth \$100 a front foot. In 1881, when the Southern Pacific was opened to New Orleans, the population increased to about fifteen thousand, and property began to stiffen in price. Values in Los Angeles and vicinity rose about 25 per cent. that year over previous low valuations. People continued to come in, and in 1883 values doubled, while the population had increased to 25,000. The progress continued through 1884 and into 1885. The Santa Fe road was on the way to Los Angeles, making another drive through what is now the great city of San Francisco. It reached Los Angeles in November, 1885, and after that it is difficult to follow the course of the boom, so rapid and immense was the advance. The real estate transfers of the county for the three months of June, July and August, 1887, aggregated the enormous sum of \$1,067,520.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Los Angeles boom—certainly the most encouraging thing to Angelenos—is the fact that the city has not only entirely recovered from the after-effects of that feverish boom, but that most of the solid improvements which adorn the town have been made during the past five years. There have been booms in other cities, but there are few instances where these catclysms have been followed by so little financial disaster, and where the recovery has been so rapid and thorough. Those who come to Los Angeles expecting to see a semi-bankrupt community, waiting for something to turn up, are astonished at the evidences of progress and prosperity which they encounter on every hand.

WHY SO PROSPEROUS?
Naturally, the question arises: What is the secret of this remarkable vitality and recuperative power? San Francisco, with its many superior advantages, has scarcely yet recovered from the subsidence of the stock-

gambling mania which culminated about fifteen years ago. How is it that Los Angeles, within less than a third of that period after the collapse of one of the wildest speculative crazes of modern times, should be already once more on the verge of another boom, this time of a more solid, sensible and enduring character?

The investigator will find several reasons for the prosperity of this enterprising city of fully 65,000 people, which a dozen short years ago was a sleepy semi-Mexican pueblo, with less than one-fifth of that population. Foremost among these reasons may be mentioned advantageous commercial location, railroad competition, peerless climate, a surrounding country which yields valuable crops that can be raised in few other sections, and, last but not least, a population composed largely of wide-awake Eastern people, who are not afraid to invest one dollar today to make ten a few years hence.

A CHARMING LOCATION.

The city has a charming location, at the base of the Sierra Madre foothills, fifteen miles from the coast, and about the same distance from the sea level. The city limits cover thirty-six square miles of hill, valley and plain, affording a succession of picturesque residence sites. Through the center of the city courses the Los Angeles River, in summer a trickling stream, in winter sometimes a swollen torrent.

Los Angeles is just far enough from the ocean to secure the climate of the Southern California climate, which, owing to geographical reasons, from the northern part of Santa Barbara county to the Mexican line differs from the rest of the State in being drier and less windy, with very few cloudy days. The climate of Los Angeles enables people to lead an open-air life from morning to night, and they take full advantage of it, as the spacious gardens, wide porches and swinging hammocks testify.

COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES.

Foremost among the many advantages possessed by Los Angeles is its commanding location on the direct line of shortest communication by the eastern grades between tidewater on the Pacific and Atlantic. This section, of which Los Angeles is the metropolis, offers peculiar attractions to the builders of transcontinental lines of road.

In the 1500 miles of the Pacific Coast there are but three great outlets to the sea—one at the Columbia River, another at the Golden Gate, and the third and best by the low mountain passes back of Los Angeles. It is doubtful whether any other transcontinental line will attempt to overcome the difficulties and obstacles which were conquered by the Central Pacific, under the impetus of immense subsidies granted during war times. The Central Pacific has to climb 7017 feet, as compared with 3819 for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; 2822 for the Atlantic and Pacific at Soledad, and 2560 for the Southern Pacific at San Geronimo. The Southern Pacific route, from San Pedro to Galveston, is 800 miles shorter than any other from tidewater to tidewater.

A THOUGHTFUL MAN'S OPINION.

This advantageous location was fully recognized by Mr. H. Mills of the Southern Pacific Company in a speech delivered during a Chamber of Commerce banquet at Redondo a few months ago. In the course of his speech Mr. Mills made the following remarks, which created a profound impression at the time:

"As an industrial student of this State, I have always perceived that the shortest line of connection between tidewater on the Atlantic and tidewater on the Pacific was at some point near Los Angeles. Eventually, when the commercial lines have asserted themselves upon the commercial geography of this country, what necessity will there be for shipping any material for Arizona to San Francisco, to be hauled back down into that Territory? And when the canal is constructed—and I announce myself here and everywhere always the friend of the Nicaragua canal—I know that work will be built, and if there is any man or men opposed to it, so much the worse for them and their interests. Let it come whatever is best for humanity, upon the whole, will be accomplished at last, for private interests must always give way to public convenience and necessity. Now, when the Nicaragua canal is constructed, the wharf at Santa Monica, or at San Pedro, if you construct one there—and I am entirely in different, personally, where it shall be constructed—except that I am always for our company—and wherever it is constructed it will be a seaport opposite Los Angeles, and Los Angeles will be the city of that port. Several lines of railroad will be built. Run a line straight north from where you are today and it intersects Virginia City. You are nearer to Salt Lake and nearer to New York, practically, today than the great city of San Francisco, and yet I have a genuine affection for that city."

The Southern Pacific Company, with which Mr. Mills is connected, has shown its faith in the future of this city by building one of the longest wharves in the world at Santa Monica Canyon.

HARBOR FACILITIES.

While Los Angeles has not the advantage of a large natural harbor, like San Francisco, it enjoys, in common with a large portion of the State, the benefit of ocean competition in transportation. The shipping ports of Los Angeles are Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach and San Pedro. The first three are good roadsteads, where, through the protection afforded by the channel islands and projecting points of land, vessels lie at open sea wharves most of the year with little difficulty. Most of the shipping of this section has, from the time of the earliest Spanish settlement, been done, through San Pedro, the chief shipping point of Los Angeles and

the adjacent section, situated twenty-four miles distant from the city. It consists of an inner harbor, formerly shut off from the sea by a bar, and an open roadstead sheltered from easterly winds by a high point. Vessels drawing eighteen and one-half feet come to the San Pedro wharf, 1821 ft. long. The government has appropriated nearly a million dollars for the improvement of the harbor, while almost as much has been received back in dues. A board of government engineers which recently, for the fifth time, examined the claims of bidders in Los Angeles for the improvement, has again recommended the creation of a deep-water harbor at San Pedro. The estimated cost of the work is \$2,885,324.

PLENTY OF RAILROADS.

This advantageous location of Los Angeles has resulted in giving the city a number of railroads, while more are being constructed. Within a year, present as if all the principal lines of railroad in the United States, running east and west, were heading for California. Los Angeles already has two competing transcontinental railway systems, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe, and the prospects are good for the completion of at least one more line within a couple of years. No less than eleven lines of railroad center in Los Angeles. Besides the two great roads, with the numerous shorter lines, there are several smaller ones. The Santa Fe, which was incorporated in Los Angeles two years ago with a capital of \$3,000,000, largely St. Louis capital, has about forty-eight miles in operation, and excellent wharf facilities at San Pedro Harbor, 1821 ft. long. It is the terminus of some transcontinental railway. A railroad to Salt Lake, which will shorten the distance from Los Angeles to Salt Lake 300 miles, and open up rich deposits of coal and precious metals in Southern Nevada and Utah, is being constructed. The Pacific Coast steamship call regularly at San Pedro and Redondo, and the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company's line of freight steamers from New York comes to the city.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE CITY.

As already mentioned, the topography of Los Angeles is varied in character. There are, within the city limits, hills, high mesa lands and plains. This affords a constant change of scenery, as one moves from one part of the city to another, and every one can be gratified in the choice of a residence lot. From the greater part of the city the long range of the Sierra Madre, snow-capped in winter, is in full view, and from the higher hills the ocean, some fifteen miles distant, may plainly be seen.

The old Plaza is the geographical center of the city, which extends three miles in every direction from this point. Here is the old cathedral, around which clustered the original Los Angeles. The Los Angeles of the past, of adobe buildings and non-day siestas under wide verandas, before the energetic, restless Yankee spied out the land and realized its possibilities. Much of the old adobe town is still left, north of the Plaza, although big brick blocks and public buildings in that direction during the boom. The growth of the modern city, however, has been steadily south and west, so that the business center is now fully half a mile south of the geographical center.

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MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Seven years ago, when the boom struck Los Angeles, there was scarcely a furlong of paved street in the city, and mud-holes knee-deep made the main thoroughfares almost impassable in winter. Now, when the boom has passed, the city is a different place. The growth of the modern city, however, has been steadily south and west, so that the business center is now fully half a mile south of the geographical center.

An internal sewer system, for which \$74,000 was voted in 1890, is completed, and is proceeding on an outfall sewer to the ocean, which will cost \$385,000.

There are four distinct systems of water supply. The citizens recently voted bonds to the amount of \$526,000 for the construction of a first-class municipal water system. The system has arisen which will probably necessitate the holding of another election. For ten years the city has been lighted entirely by electricity, there being over two hundred and fifty electric lamps on the main streets, with an aggregate capacity of nearly 100,000 candles, and fifty thousand. Seen by night from one of the hills, these lamps give the city a fairy-like appearance.

The assessed valuation of city property increased from \$9,000,000 in 1882 to \$20,000,000 in 1892, showing that the wealth of the city has more than kept pace with its growth in population.

THE VALUE OF BUILDINGS.

The value of the buildings erected in Los Angeles within the past ten years—and mainly within the past five—is not less than \$20,000,000, including a \$500,000 courthouse, a \$200,000 city hall, and a number of five, six and seven-story buildings. The value of the city property is about to build a bridge across the river, which will extend its system to East Los Angeles. Thence it is expected the line will shortly be extended to Pasadena. The Temple street Cable Road, three miles in length, has been in operation for some time. The city is now entirely by animal power is the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, a project which the city is now endeavoring to build. The city is now entirely by animal power is the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, a project which the city is now endeavoring to build. The city is now entirely by animal power is the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, a project which the city is now endeavoring to build.

THE PARKS.

There are seven parks in the city, aggregating about six hundred acres, of which area five-sixths is in Elysian Park, a tract of mountainous country, in the northwestern part of the city, affording enchanting views of ocean, valleys, mountains and city. Little has been done toward the improvement of this piece of ground, beyond the planting of several thousand shade trees and the grading of a road. It is in an embryo stage at present, but possesses great possibilities, and may one day become a rival of the Golden Gate Park in attractiveness. Much of it is in a forested belt, where bananas ripen and the tomato-vine becomes a perennial plant.

hitherto been San Pedro, but since the big wharf at Santa Monica Canyon has been completed, it is directing most of its business to that place, which has been the center of the city's business since the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, which was organized in 1890 by St. Louis capitalists, now operates nearly fifty miles of road. The company purchased Rattlesnake Island, at San Pedro Harbor, to which point the line has been extended and large wharves built. The road is thoroughly equipped with first-class rolling stock. It is generally understood that the Terminal will be completed by the Pacific Coast extension of one of the great transcontinental roads. Something definite will be developed as soon as the Government has decided upon a water harbor at San Pedro or Santa Monica has been decided upon.

For several years there has been much talk of a transcontinental line from Los Angeles, by way of the rich mineral fields of Southern Nevada. It now seems probable that work on this line will be commenced within a year. Such a road would undoubtedly pay from the start, and would give a great impetus to the growth of Los Angeles by bringing in much-needed cheap fuel, and opening up new markets for the products of this section.

COMMERCE.

Viewed from the commercial standpoint, the condition of Los Angeles is highly satisfactory. It has become an independent trade center, fully able to hold its own with its rivals on the Pacific Coast. As we all know, from 1849 to 1876, San Francisco was the Pacific Coast, as far as commerce was concerned. Transcontinental traffic was impossible; everything in the shape of imports to California coming by sea to San Francisco, whence it was distributed by rail north and south. There were 1200 miles of sea coast, with a "back country" extending to the Missouri River, and only one commercial outlet.

All this has been changed. In 1876 came the Southern Pacific to Los Angeles, and the Santa Fe, the Santa Fe, as already shown, the low mountain passes and short distance from ocean to ocean gave Los Angeles a great commercial impetus, which her citizens have fully availed themselves. The territory covered by Los Angeles merchants includes Lower California, Arizona and portions of Sonora, while the products of the soil are shipped to all parts of the world. When the new road to Southern California and Mexico was constructed, a large new field will be opened up.

The chief products shipped are green and dried fruits, grapes, brandy, hides, beans, vegetables, borax, honey. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will be of the greatest advantage to Los Angeles, as it will open up a direct route from China and Japan to the canal passes within 100 miles of San Pedro and Santa Monica. Consequently, the people of this city take an active interest in the construction of the canal.

BUSINESS IN LOS ANGELES.

Business in Los Angeles is at present in a healthy condition. The manner in which the city held up under the collapse of the crazy real estate boom of six years ago is of itself sufficient evidence of the soundness of its resources. While many persons were, of course, temporarily embarrassed, there was no panic, no crash, nor any falling of the market. At present legitimate business is far more extensive and on a more solid basis than during the height of the boom. The wholesale and retail trade is in a healthy condition, and in several cases report a large increase over their business last year. Especially is this the case in the line of clothing, where the business is now more extensive and on a more solid basis than during the height of the boom.

POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Los Angeles police force, under the management of Chief J. M. Glass, who has been in office four years, is as efficient as any police force in the Union, especially when its small numerical strength is considered. In relation to the thirty-six square miles of territory which it covers, the force is under the control of a board of police commissioners, and has a total strength of seventy-five. The pay of the police is \$100 a month.

STREET RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

Los Angeles is better provided with street railways than any city of equal size in the country. The total length of track within the city limits is nearly 100 miles, and the system is run at frequent intervals, carrying over 12,000 passengers a year.

The principal street railway systems of the city are the Pacific Electric, the Pacific Railway Company (cable) and the Los Angeles Consolidated (electric). The Pacific Electric is the largest, and has a total length of 100 miles. The Pacific Railway Company is about to build a bridge across the river, which will extend its system to East Los Angeles. Thence it is expected the line will shortly be extended to Pasadena.

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REAL ESTATE IN DEMAND.

The real estate market is also in a very healthy condition, and transactions during the present year have been better than for any year since the boom. These transfers are no longer the closing up of old trades, but new purchases for investment or residence, made by the incoming class of capitalists, who see a brilliant future for the city. There is a prevalent impression among many on the outside that Los Angeles is suffering from the effects of a bursted boom, but such is far from being the case. Real estate values touched rock bottom in 1890 to 1892, and have since risen to their former level. The city is now entirely by animal power is the Main Street and Agricultural Park Railroad, a project which the city is now endeavoring to build.

OTHER SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Another evidence of the improvement in business here is furnished by the fact that it is almost impossible to rent a desirable house, at a reasonable price, within easy distance of the business quarter in Los Angeles. The average rent for a house of 60,000 people.

Summer is called the "dull season" here. Many people go away to the seaside and mountains. This year, besides, many are going to the World's Fair. Most of the Eastern visitors, however, only in the winter. Yet, this summer, for the first time in five years, houses to rent are few and far between, and agents are unable to find a single one of any class or price. The San Francisco property-owner came down to visit a Los Angeles friend. He had heard that the city was a "dull season," but did not believe it. His friend took him for a ride on the University electric car line, which runs through the most thickly-settled residence portion of Los Angeles. On the entire route they only saw one house of any class or price. The San Francisco man "acknowledged the corn."

Yet another evidence of solidity and growth is furnished by the postoffice records. The business transacted in 1892 was one-third greater than in 1887, the boom year, when Los Angeles swarmed with speculators from all parts of the States, and was probably as large, if not a larger population, floating and permanent, than today. The average number of pieces of mail received and sent is more than three times greater than in 1887.

The business thoroughfares of Los Angeles present a bustling appearance all hours of the day, being crowded with "citizens on foot and in carriages," who have to keep a sharp lookout to dodge the frequent electric cars. It is difficult to elbow one's way along the sidewalks, and the chief business blocks, owing to the large number of people, are crowded with people during the busy hours of the day, one is fortunate to secure standing-room.

Thus it will be seen that Los Angeles is far indeed from being a "dull season." MANUFACTURES.

While Los Angeles is not a manufacturing city, in the sense that the term is usually applied, there are many manufacturing enterprises which in the aggregate employ a large number of men. During the past couple of years, the number of manufacturing enterprises has been steadily increasing, and several important enterprises have been started. There are about two hundred manufacturing enterprises in Los Angeles, representing sixty main varieties of product. This does not include such industries as tailor-shops, milliners, etc., but includes the manufacturing of such articles as shoes, hats, clothing, etc. The chief products shipped are green and dried fruits, grapes, brandy, hides, beans, vegetables, borax, honey. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will be of the greatest advantage to Los Angeles, as it will open up a direct route from China and Japan to the canal passes within 100 miles of San Pedro and Santa Monica. Consequently, the people of this city take an active interest in the construction of the canal.

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

After all has been said, however, the chief charm of Los Angeles, to the visitor, is the rare beauty of the grounds in which are situated the most beautiful homes in the city. The houses are of a grand style, and show grander business blocks and more imposing municipal improvements, but when it comes to gardens, there is no comparison. The houses are of a grand style, and show grander business blocks and more imposing municipal improvements, but when it comes to gardens, there is no comparison. The houses are of a grand style, and show grander business blocks and more imposing municipal improvements, but when it comes to gardens, there is no comparison.

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progressive population, have produced a marvelous growth, nor can one readily dare to set a limit to the possibilities which await the City of the Angels between now and the year 1900. Los Angeles is surely a fine city.

LOS ANGELES.

The Coming Commercial Capital of California.

Natural Advantages, Backed Up by a Liberal Progressive, Energetic Community.

Will Send Her to the Front.

(The Argonaut, June 28.)

In the number of the Argonaut devoted to the coming rivalry of the Puget Sound towns for the trade of the North. While keeping in view the fact that it is well that we should take some view of the steady and aggressive growth of the country south of Tehachapi. People of this city, who sleep in bed, and who become men to whom Providence has smoothed the paths of life, do not seem to be aware that there is growing up in the south of the country a community which threatens to leave the city behind in the race of progress. If the growth of the country south of the Tehachapi continues at its present rate, the twentieth century will not be far advanced when Los Angeles, and not San Francisco, will be the "commercial capital" of California.

We have but one advantage which cannot be taken from us—that is our county. In the first place, the county of Los Angeles is the only county of the State which will answer every commercial purpose; and secondly, in running the harbor we have to no account the fact that many millions are putting up a dollar to establish the steamship lines which might be, and which ought to be, running from San Francisco to foreign ports.

In every respect, save the harbor, Los Angeles is the center of a country of marvelous fertility and such beauty that it is the choicest place of residence. The climate is a warm, sunny, and the soil is fertile. The land is fertile, and the water is pure. The land is fertile, and the water is pure. The land is fertile, and the water is pure.

There are about two hundred manufacturing enterprises in Los Angeles, representing sixty main varieties of product. This does not include such industries as tailor-shops, milliners, etc., but includes the manufacturing of such articles as shoes, hats, clothing, etc. The chief products shipped are green and dried fruits, grapes, brandy, hides, beans, vegetables, borax, honey. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will be of the greatest advantage to Los Angeles, as it will open up a direct route from China and Japan to the canal passes within 100 miles of San Pedro and Santa Monica. Consequently, the people of this city take an active interest in the construction of the canal.

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BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Hutchins Bros., the well-known carmen, have done an immense business.

Norman Roper, Walter Staff, Harry Hunt and Miss Effie McFadden returned from the Stanford University Friday evening, to spend the holiday with parents and friends in this city. The evidence in the case of Goff was taken, Saturday, and the case s

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver, impure blood, as Dyspepsia and Biliaryness, if it doesn't benefit or cure in every case, the money is returned.

If you can't call, write your symptoms plainly and frankly; they will give you an honest opinion. Thousands of cases cured at home. Consultation personally or letter free and confidential.

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**European Staff Physicians,**  
415½ South Spring St., Los Angeles











THIRTEENTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1893—PICTORIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

FIVE CENTS

YULETIDE IN  
THE OLDEN TIME.Some Tender Memories Recalled by  
Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.Now the Good People of Yorkshire Welcomed  
Christmas Half a Century Ago—The Yule  
Log, the Wassail Cup and the Waits Car-  
rolled on Christmas Morning—Beautiful Cus-  
toms Now Gone Forever.

When I was a child, Christmas Day was the  
peak of the year, and the river of life which  
flowed on ordinary days was not the river  
which flowed from Christmas Day until the  
second of January. Christmas now has lost  
all touch of social electricity; then, it was the  
household festival of the year; and in most  
parts of England they made haste to begin it  
on St. Thomas' Day, when evergreens were  
cut for decoration, and all clerical charities  
distributed.

The first Christmas which makes any distinct  
impression on my mind, occurred more than  
half a century ago. I spent it in the cathedral  
city of Ripon, an old town in the North Riding  
of Yorkshire, head of a diocese since A. D.  
1135; and even yet, retaining many very ancient  
customs, one of which, is the blowing of a horn  
every night before the mayor's door, at the set-  
ting of the watch. I was staying with a friend,  
whom I suppose must have been a tanner, for  
I have to this day a fennel-seed thrill, when I  
recalled a certain place outside the city, which  
is connected with my visit—a place of dark  
pits, and of perilously narrow paths between  
them, which reminded me continually, of  
Christian, walking through the Valley of the  
Shadow of Death.

But the family was a large and joyous one,  
and on St. Thomas' Day we went out to Studley  
Royal, and Fountain's Abbey, and from among  
the booky dells on the river banks cut ever-  
greens enough to turn every room into a sylvan  
bower. Mistletoe was the sacred house plant;  
but the holly's unwithering leaf and coral ber-  
ries always went with a holly song for the de-  
coration of the old cathedral. Oh! how cold it  
was in the frozen woods that day; and oh! how  
little we cared for the icy wind. How we  
shouted and laughed, and we gathered the ever-  
greens; and how good natured were the men,  
who were cutting the ash logs for the Yule  
Log!

However it was not permissible to bring  
home the Yule Log until Christmas Eve; and  
then it was always the boys and girls of the  
household, who went for it; so that the streets  
of Ripon that afternoon, were full of parties of  
wildly-joyful children, pulling home their Yule  
Logs, amid mirth that was not only tolerated,  
but encouraged and shared. For every one  
then, who met a Yule Log, raised his hat to the  
kindly symbol. None of us felt the cold; the  
physical exertion and mental excitement kept  
us as summer heat; beside which, I had an ex-  
alted feeling, for one of the boys, who was going  
to be a Bishop—and who really did become one  
—had told me all about the mystical rite and the  
wondrous power of Ash Log. So that it  
seemed a perfectly solemn and natural thing  
to me, that the Yule Log should be treated with  
so much ceremony—that when it was within  
the threshold, each member of the family  
should sit down on it—that it should be lifted  
with cleanly washed hands into its place on the  
hearth—that it should be kindled from a brand  
of the previous year's, which had been re-  
ligiously kept for the purpose.

I can remember yet how it blazed and  
how the happy Master of the house mixed the  
Wassail Cup in its light. The old October  
leaf, with the sugar, and the spices, and the  
roasted apples strewed on the fire; and he  
gave to every child a little loving cup to drink  
with our basins of *frumity*—a Christmas Eve  
supper-dish made from cream, wheat, boiled  
with milk, sugar, raisins, currants and spices.  
All these customs have a distinctly pagan  
origin; but at midnight I was awakened out of  
deep sleep by the strange, wild music, that  
ever floated between earth and heaven; and  
this was purely Christian Christmas rite. It  
was the voices of Waits, carolling in the  
clear frost air for Christmas dawning. Up the  
hill, stately garden came the sweet and simple  
strains, and they thrilled with wonder, and  
delight. I sat up and listened, and though I  
had never heard the song before, and have  
never heard it since, these lines from it, still  
ring in my memory:

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.  
And all the souls on earth shall sing,  
On Christmas Day in the morning.  
And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas Day in the morning."

And really the old Minster chimed seemed to  
me to clash more joyfully as they were thus  
invoked. A few years later, I heard another  
old carol which has the same haunting charm;  
for I can hear it across the chasm of forty-  
four years, telling me:

"And for the saving of our souls, He died  
upon the Cross:

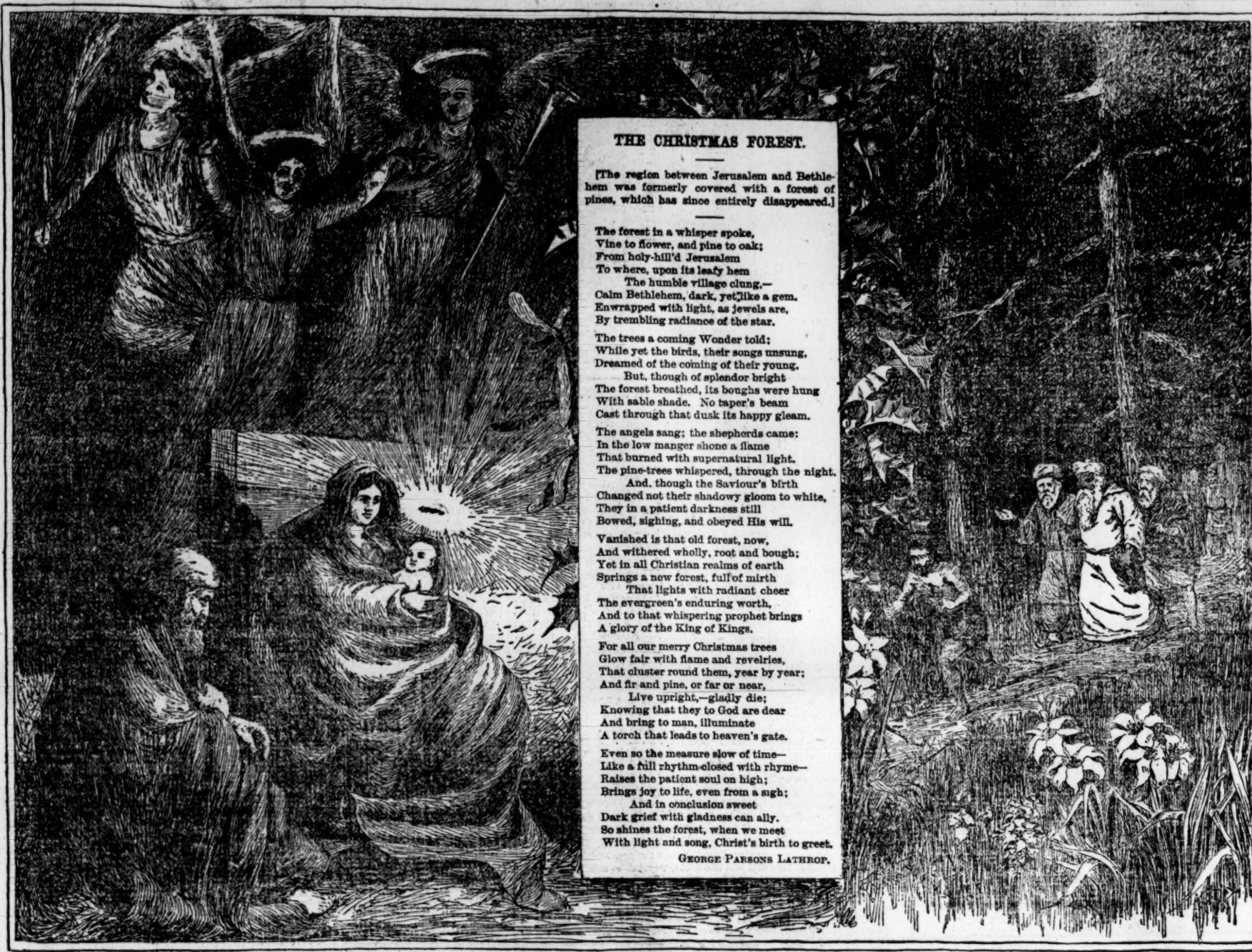
We never can do for Jesus Christ, what he  
has done for us."

Well; it may be an old-fashioned taste, to  
prize these simple heart songs of our fathers,  
to the modern Sunday school carol; but in  
faith! I do; and that with all my heart.

In those days Christmas presents were not  
much thought of between friends and equals.  
The rich gave to the poor; but not to each  
other, and the kind of kind mail now exacted  
from relatives and acquaintances, was not a  
Christmas sentiment. Such presents as were  
sent, were usually in the way of Christmas  
delicacies—hampers of country produce and  
game, delicate cakes, pasties and pastries, and  
fine brown Brawn, could not then be omitted,  
and had not been to be fish, added to it.  
French took Omelets, they found there a large  
quantity of it. Not understanding that it was  
already cooked, they tried to roast, to boil, and  
to fry it; and, of course, without success. How-  
ever, some monks tasted the finely prepared  
pudding, and declaring it to be fish, added it to  
their fast day viands. On this Christmas Day,  
we had turkey; but turkeys were then rare and  
expensive, and a goose, generally had the place  
of honor. Every one, however, had abundance  
of mince pies made in the shape of a manger.  
Ripon had never been a Puritan city, and so  
these symbols of the Wise Men's offerings,  
were not considered idolatrous; nor yet their  
eating ever made a religious test. John Bunyan  
when in jail, and had pressed for a dinner,  
had indeed refused to eat them; but stripped of  
their objectionable form and symbol, they do  
not now disagree with the most rigid Presby-  
terian.

Christmas pies were not, however, restricted  
to mince meat. The sideboard during the whole  
holiday week "raised crusts" containing whole  
turkeys, chickens, and such a number of small  
birds that the fabulous pile of four-and-twenty  
blackbirds, was eclipsed by the reality; and  
even the kitchen tables were loaded with roasts  
of beef, loaves of sweet bread, and cheese, and  
good ale; and of such provision, the poorest  
stranger might eat his fill, and be welcome;  
just for the sake of the Day, and of him, who  
came to bring peace and good-will, and univer-  
sal brotherhood among men.

The Sabbath that fell in Christmas week was  
indeed a day of rejoicing. I can vividly re-  
member every hour of it—the chaffing, chatter-  
ing breakfast in the large upper room, which  
was the nursery—the walk to the cathedral



## THE CHRISTMAS FOREST.

[The region between Jerusalem and Bethle-  
hem was formerly covered with a forest of  
pines, which has since entirely disappeared.]

The forest in a whisper spoke,  
Vine to flower, and pine to oak;  
From holy hill'd Jerusalem  
To where, upon its leafy hem  
The humble village clung—  
Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem,  
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,  
By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told:  
While yet the birds, their songs unsung,  
Dreamed of the coming of their young.

But, though of splendor bright  
The forest breathed, its boughs were hung  
With sable shade. No taper's beam  
Cast through that dusk its happy gleam.

The angels sang; the shepherds came:  
In the low manger shone a flame  
That burned with supernatural light.  
The pine-trees whispered, through the night.

And, though the Saviour's birth  
Changed not their shadowy gloom to white,  
They in a patient darkness still  
Bowed, sighing, and obeyed His will.

Vanished is that old forest, now,  
And withered wholly, root and bough;  
Yet in all Christian realms of earth  
Springs a new forest, full of mirth.

That lights with radiant cheer  
The evergreen's enduring worth.  
And to that whispering prophet brings  
A glory of the King of Kings.

For all our merry Christmas trees  
Glow far with flame and revelries,  
That cluster round them, year by year:  
And fir and pine, or far or near,

Live upright, gladly die;  
Knowing that they to God are dear  
And bring to heaven's gate,  
A torch that leads to heaven's gate.

Even so the measure slow of time—  
Like a full rhythm-cloth with rhyme—  
Raises the patient soul on high;  
Brings joy to life, even from a sigh;

And in conclusion sweet  
Dark grief with gladness can ally.  
So shines the forest, when we meet  
With light and song, Christ's birth to greet.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE LESSONS  
OF CHRISTMAS.Rev. Robert Collyer Gives a Timely  
Holiday Caution.

Times When It is Better to Save Money Than to  
Spend It—Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage Preaches  
the Gospel of Good Cheer—Good Times are  
Coming and We Should Hasten Their Advent.

The things we do at Christmas are touched  
with a certain grain of extravagance, as beau-  
tiful in some of its aspects as the extravagance  
of nature in June. It is the children's carnival,  
the midsummer of charity to the poor, the  
spring-tide of good-will to men; the time of the  
year when heaven opens, and angels come  
down to sing to sailors on the ocean, to old-  
country folks in the long-reaches of new colonies,  
to people in hospitals, poor-houses, in man-  
sions, and "the huts where poor men lie;" the  
time when the atmosphere is just right for  
clear-burning fires, and it would be something  
of a shame for the wind to send the smoke  
down any chimney as it does a week before or  
after; when there is a goodly smell abroad, as  
if the frankincense the wise men brought on a  
day long ago, to temper the faint of a stable,  
had got into this whole world of ours, as a  
trailing cloud of the odors of spice bread,  
when the poorest platters and mugs take a  
touch of the recklessness by reason of the  
thoughtfulness of those who have bread enough  
and to spare; when the Christmas tree grows  
all radiant and fruitful, as no other tree which  
blooms through the year; for it bears at least  
twelve manners of fruit, and the leaves of the  
tree are for the healing of the nations.

"I would not, therefore, insult Christmas by  
underdoing it. The man who then does most  
for his fellow men, according to his means,  
does best. We can give the tramp who comes  
to our back door, a royal cup of coffee Christ-  
mas morning, with a good grace, though we  
have to see that he does not run away with the  
spoon. They are wide pages the angel opens in  
the book of life at Christmas; and when we do  
our best, we cannot do it quicker than he can  
write it down.

"Still I think it is not hard to see how we may  
spare, even at Christmas-time, and yet do more  
and better than if we spend. If a man spends  
the money he ought to save to pay his debts,  
when he knows very well he can only pay his  
debts by saving, he may give what he buys,  
right and left with an open hand, and it will be  
to his own shame. I have never digested one of  
the best suppers I ever sat down to in my life,  
though it is years since I ate it, because, as it  
came out after, my host owed it to the store,  
and the debt was never paid. I don't want any  
more of those suppers. There are millions of  
dollars spent every Christmas, of other men's  
money. Not a penny ought to be laid out in  
gifts one can well let alone. Men who do that  
get drunk on their own generosity, though they  
never taste of wine; and, if they are men of con-  
science, the headache and heartache of getting  
sober will be none the less for their motive in  
getting drunk.

"We should never spend when we ought to  
spare, especially if we have families. One of  
the saddest things I have struck in my life has  
been the sight of families left destitute,  
through a certain easy-going generosity in the  
man out of whose life they sprang, who would  
have everything of the best, trusting to his  
luck to come out all right; who would spare  
nothing at Christmas-time, or any other time,  
so that he might have things handsome, while  
he had not laid up a dollar for a rainy day or  
for that instant peril of death which dogs all  
our footsteps between the cradle and the  
grave. Saving is so slow to such men and so  
hard! I should not take much stock in that  
man who would not close instantly with the  
proposal of a decent competence for his wife and  
children, in exchange for the open gates of  
heaven, and the angels waiting with a crown,  
if he had the chance.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it  
is certain we can carry nothing out," the sad  
old Hebrew cries. I answer, "Surely, surely,  
if you mean more things;" but somewhere with

me, when I go away, I carry the account of  
what I have done to fond for those I leave be-  
hind me, and save them from the bitter pang  
of poverty, by my forethought, self-denial, and  
clear grit, from the day when I take a maid  
from her mother, and said, "Trust me to take  
care of you, whatever comes, to be a house-bond  
to you and the children God may give us;"  
yes, even by medical estimates: A dozen men  
have to do it, and letting the bairns rise to find  
empty stockings these hard times. Better  
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## WHY WE KEEP THE STOCKING.

There's a stocking, worn and single,  
Folded on our wardrobe shelf,  
Laid aside to let Kris Kringle  
Just unfold it by himself.

Santa Claus will here find broken  
Plans for useful gifts and toys—  
Find the stockings' but a token—  
For this garment was our boy's.

He had planned to hang this stocking  
From the parlor mantel, high,  
So, when kind Kris came knocking,  
He should find it waiting nigh.

What a hoard of precious treasure,  
Like his pocket, though small it measure,  
For some gifts as good as gold.

"One thing more—I want you, father,  
To relieve Santa Nick," he said,  
"So the old chap needn't bother  
With my bicycle and sled."

But before the bells of Yuletide  
Heralded the gifts' joy,  
We had gathered at a grave-side  
Dedicated to our boy;

For there came a Heavenly Spirit,  
And two spirits left our house,  
His was taken to inherit  
Richer gifts than Santa Claus!

NATHAN B. HEATH.

## JOE'S CHRISTMAS LUCK.

Joe drove his old grey mare along the  
stone road in deep thought. They had been  
across the ferry to Newmarket with a load of  
Christmas trees. It had been a hard pull up-  
hill for them both, for Joe had found it neces-  
sary not a few times to get down and give old  
"Liza" a lift to help her over the roughest spots;  
and now, going home, with the twilight coming  
on and no other job awaiting, he let her  
have her own way. It was slow, but steady,  
and it suited Joe for his head was full of busy  
thoughts and there was few enough of them  
that were pleasant.

Business had been bad at the big store, never  
worse, and what trucking there was, they were  
too many about it. Joe had found that he never  
used to look at a dollar as long as he knew they  
could trust the man who did their hauling,  
were counting the nickels these days. As for  
chance jobs like this one, that was all over now  
with the holidays and there had been little  
enough of it too.

There would be less, a good deal, with the  
hard winter at the door and with "Liza" to keep  
and the many mouths to fill. Still, he wouldn't  
have minded it so much but for mother fretting  
and worrying herself sick at home, and all  
along of Jim, the eldest boy, who had gone  
away mad and never came back. Many were  
the dollars he had paid the doctor and the  
druggist to fix her up, but it was no use. She  
was worrying herself into a decline, it was  
clear to be seen.

Joe heaved a heavy sigh as he thought of the  
strapping lad who had brought such sorrow to  
his mother. So strong and so handy on the  
wagon. Old "Liza" loved him like a brother and  
minded him even better than she did himself.  
If he only had him now, he wouldn't mind the  
winter and the bad times. It seemed as if they  
should really pull through somehow. But things  
never had gone right since he left. He didn't  
know. Joe thought humbly as he jogged along  
over the rough road, but he had been a little  
hard on the lad. Boys wanted a chance once in  
a while. All work and no play were then out.  
Likely he had forgotten he was a boy once him-  
self. But Jim was such a big lad, most like  
man. He took after his mother more than the



"THEY SAY IT IS LUCK."

rest. She had been proud too, when she was a  
girl. He wished he hadn't been hasty that  
time they had words about those boxes at the  
store. Anyway, it turned out that night and  
try as they might to find him, they never had  
word of him since. And Joe sighed again  
more heavily than before.

Old "Liza" shied at something in the road, and  
Joe took a firmer hold on the reins. He turned  
his thoughts to the horse. She was getting old,  
and not as hardy as she was. He noticed  
that she was getting winded with a heavy load.  
It was well over ten years now she had been  
their capital and the breadwinner of the house.  
Sometimes he thought that she misused Jim,  
like his mother, as if she was to leave them now,  
raise the money to buy another horse, as  
things were. Poor old "Liza" he stroked her  
grey coat musically with the point of his whip  
as he thought of her old friendship. The  
horse pointed one ear back toward his master  
and neighed gently as if to assure him that she  
was all right.

Suddenly she stumbled over something in the  
track. Joe pulled her up in time, and throwing  
the reins over her back, got down to see what  
it was. An old horseshoe and in the dust be-  
hind it a new silver quarter. He picked both up  
and put the shoe in the wagon.

"They say it is luck," he mused, "finding  
horseshoes and money." Maybe it's my Chris-  
mas. Get up, "Liza!" and he drove off to the  
ferry.

The glare of a thousand gas-lamps had chased  
the sunset out of the western sky, when Joe  
drove home through the city's streets. Between  
their straight mile-long rows surged the busy  
life of the coming holiday. Women with mar-  
ket baskets and men carrying big bundles  
elbowed each other in the street, a good  
natured throng that had no ill word for an  
accidental bump as they pushed their way be-  
tween the sidewalk stands and the hucksters  
who hawked their wares from carts at the  
curb-line. In front of every grocery was a  
grove of fragrant Christmas trees waiting to  
be fitted into little green stands with fairy  
fences. Within, customers were bargaining  
chatting and bantering the busy clerks. Peddlers  
offering tinsel and colored candles layd out  
them on the doorstep. The rack under the  
butcher's sawing fairly groined with its weight  
of plucked geese, of turkeys, and many,  
of poultry of every kind. The saloon keeper  
even had wreathed his doorposts in ground-ivy  
and hemlock, and hung a sprig of holly in the  
window as if with a spurious promise of peace  
on earth and good will toward men who entered  
there. It tempted not Joe. He drove past to the  
corner where he turned up a street darker  
and lonelier than the rest, toward a stretch of  
rocky, vacant lots fenced in by an old stone-  
wall. "Liza" turned in at the rude gate without  
being told, and pulled up at the house.

A plain, little one-story frame with a lean-to  
for a kitchen, and an adjoining stable-shed,  
embowered all by two great chestnuts of the  
days when there were country lanes where now  
are paved streets, and on Manhattan Island  
there was farm by farm. One might have been  
tempted to call it a shanty, but for the evidence  
of care and order all about, and the fresh  
white paint on the door. There was a light in  
the window looking toward the street. As  
"Liza" was about to drive, a young

girl with a shawl over her head ran out from  
some shelter where she had been watching, and  
took the reins from Joe.

"You're late," she said, stroking the mare's  
steaming flank. "Liza" reached around and  
ribbed her head against the girl's shoulder,  
nibbling playfully at the fringe of her shawl.

"Yes, we've come far and it's been a hard  
pull. "Liza" is tired. Give her a good feed and  
I'll be down. How's mother?"

"Sprey than she was," replied the girl,  
bending over the shaft to unbuckle the horse;  
seems as if she'd kinder cheered up for  
Christmas. And she let "Liza" into the stable  
while her father backed the wagon into the  
shed.

It was warm and very comfortable in the  
little kitchen where he joined the family after  
"washing up." The fire burned brightly in the  
range on which a savory roast sizzled cheerily  
in its pot, sending up clouds of appetizing  
steam. The sand on the white pine floor was  
swept in tongues, old country fashion. Joe and  
his wife were both born across the sea and  
liked to keep Christmas eve as they had when  
they were children. Two little boys and a  
younger girl than the one who had met him at  
the gate, received him with shouts of glee and  
pulled him straight from the door to look at a  
hemlock branch stuck in the top of sand in the  
corner. It was their Christmas tree and they  
were to light it with candles—they pranced  
about like little colts at the thought—mamma  
got them at the grocer's where the big Santa  
Claus stood on the shelf, red and yellow and  
green. They clung to Joe and shouted all at  
once, each one anxious to tell the great news  
first and last.

Joe took them on his knee, all three and  
when they had shouted until they had to stop  
for breath, he pulled from under his coat a  
paper bundle at which the children's eyes  
bulged. He undid the crapping slowly, and  
he put his arm around his wife who was setting  
out the dinner with Jenny and gave her a good  
hug, while the children danced off with their  
Santa Claus.

She was a comely little woman yet and she  
tried hard to be cheerful. She gave him a  
brave look and a smile, but there were tears in  
her eyes, and Joe saw them, though he tried  
to let on that he didn't. He patted her tenderly  
on the back and smoothed his Jenny's yellow  
braids while he swallowed the lump in his  
throat and got it down and out of the way.  
He needed no doctor to tell him that his wife  
wasn't coming again and find her cooking  
their Christmas dinner unless she mended  
soon and swiftly.

It may be it was the thought of that, that  
made him keep hold of her hand in his lap as  
they sat down together and he read from the  
good book the "tidings of great joy, which  
shall be to all people," and said the simple  
grace of a plain and ignorant but reverent man.  
He held it tight as though he needed its sup-  
port, when he came to the petition for "those  
dear to us and far away from home," for his  
glance strayed to the empty place beside the  
mother's chair and his voice would tremble in  
spite of himself. He met his wife's eyes there,  
but, strangely, he saw no faltering in them.  
They rested upon Jim's vacant seat with a  
new look of trust that almost frightened him.  
It was as if the Christmas peace, the tidings of  
great joy, had presently thrived through his  
with new life and promise, and echoed in the  
children's happy voices.

So they ate their Christmas dinner together  
and sang and talked until it was time to go to  
bed. Joe went out to make all snug about "Liza"  
for the night and to give her an extra feed.  
He stepped in the door, coming back, to shake  
the snow out of his clothes. It was coming on  
with bad weather and a northerly storm, he  
reported. The snow was falling thick already  
and drifting badly. He saw to the kitchen fire  
and put the children to bed. Long before the  
clock in the neighboring church tower struck  
twelve and its doors were opened for the  
throng that came to worship at the midnight mass,  
the lights in the cottage were out and all  
within it fast asleep.

The murmur of the homeward hurrying  
crowd had died out and the last echoing about  
of "Merry Christmas" had been whirled away  
on the storm, now grown fierce with bitter  
cold, when a lonely wanderer came down the  
street. It was a boy, big and strong-limbed  
and, judging from the manner in which he  
pushed his way through the gathering drifts,  
not unused to battle with the wind, but evi-  
dently in hard luck. His jacket, white with  
the falling snow, was scant and worn nearly to  
rags, and there was that in his face which  
spoke of hunger and suffering silently endured.  
He stopped at the gate in the stone fence and  
looked long and steadily at the cottage in the  
cheatness. No light stirred within and he walked  
through the gap with slow and hesitating  
step. Under the kitchen window he stood

awhile, sheltered from the storm, as if un-  
decided, then stepped to the horse-shed and  
rapped gently on the door.

"Liza!" he called, "Liza, old girl! I'm me,  
Jim!"

A low, delighted whinnying from the stall  
told the shivering boy that he was not forgot-  
ten. The faithful beast was straining at  
its halter in a vain effort to get at its friend.  
Jim raised a bar that held the door closed by  
the aid of a lever within, of which he knew the  
trick, and went in. The horse made room for  
him in its stall and laid its shaggy head against  
his cheek.

"Liza!" he said, patting its neck  
and smoothing its grey coat. "Poor old girl,  
as Jim has one friend that hasn't gone back on

him. I've come to keep Christmas with you,  
"Liza!" Had you supper, eh? You're in the  
livery. I haven't! I wasn't invited, "Liza"; but never  
mind. You shall feed for both of us. Here  
goes!" and snuffing the action to the word, he  
dug into the oats-bin with the measure, and  
poured it full into "Liza's" crib.

"Now cheer, while I bunk upstairs," and with  
a departing pat he crept up the ladder to the  
loft above and scooping out a berth in the loose  
hay snuggled down in it to sleep. Soon his regu-  
lar breathing up there kept step with the  
steady munching of the horse in its stall. The  
two reunited friends were dreaming happy  
Christmas dreams.

The night wore into the small hours of Chris-  
mas morning. The fury of the storm was in-  
creasing still. The old cottage shook under the  
force blasts and the chestnuts waved their  
hoary branches wildly, beseechingly, above it  
as if they wanted to warn those within of some  
threatened danger. But they slept and heard  
them not. From the kitchen chimney, after a  
blast more violent than any that had gone be-  
fore, a red spark issued, was whirled upward  
and beaten against the shingle roof of the barn,  
swept close down, another followed it, and  
another. Still they slept in the cottage; the  
chestnuts moaned and brandished their arms  
wildly in vain. The storm fanned one of the  
sparks into a flame. It flickered for a moment  
and then went out. So, at least, it seemed.  
But presently it reappeared, and with it a faint  
glow was reflected in the attic window over  
the door. Down in her stall "Liza" moved uneas-  
ily. Nobody responding, she plunged and  
reared, neighing loudly for help. The storm  
drowned her calls; her master slept, unobed-

ing. But one heard it, and in the nick of time.  
The door of the shed was thrown violently open,  
and out plunged Jim, his hair on fire and his  
clothes singed and smoking. He brushed the  
sparks off himself as if they were flakes of  
snow. Quick as thought, he tore "Liza's" halter  
from his fastening, pulling out staple and all,  
threw his wife both horn across the sea and  
bucked her out of the shed. He reached in and  
pulled the harness off the hook, threw it as  
far into the snow as he could, yelling "fire" at  
the top of his voice. Then he jumped on the  
back of the horse and beating her with heels  
and hands into a mad gallop, was off up the  
street before the fire had reached the cottage.  
Come had rubbed the sleep out of their eyes and  
came out to see the barn on fire and burning  
up.

Down street and avenue fire engines raced  
with clanging bells, leaving tracks of glowing  
coals in the snow. The fire was too far gone  
for them. They got there just in time to see  
the roof crash into the barn, burying, as  
Joe and his crying wife and children thought,  
"Liza" and their last hope in the fiery wreck.  
The door had blown shut and the harness Jim  
threw out was snowed under. No one dreamed  
that the horse was not in the stable, but  
through the wreck and lit up the cottage and  
swooping chestnuts. Joe and his family stood  
in the shelter of it, looking sadly on. For the  
second time that Christmas night tears came  
into the honest truckman's eyes. He wiped  
them away with his cap.

"Poor "Liza," he said, "she was your  
best friend."

A hand was laid with gentle touch upon his  
arm. He looked up. It was his wife. But she  
was no longer sad or crying. Her face beamed  
with a great happiness.

"Joe," she said, "you remember what you  
said. 'Tidings of great joy.' Oh, Joe! Jim  
has come home!"

She stepped aside, and there was Jim, sister  
Jenny hanging on his neck, and "Liza" alive and  
neighing her pleasure. The lad looked at his  
father and hung his head.

"Jim saved her, father," said Jenny, petting  
the grey mare, "it was him fetched the en-  
gine."

Joe took a step toward his son and held out  
his hand to him.

"Jim," he said, "you're a better man now  
than I am. From now on, you'll run the truck on  
shares. But this mind, Jim: never again  
leave your mother."

And in the clasp of the two hands all the past  
was forgot and forgiven. Father and son had  
found each other again.

"Liza," said the truckman with sudden vehe-  
ment, turning to the old mare and putting his  
arm around her neck. "Liza! It was your do-  
ing. I knew it was luck when I found them  
things. Merry Christmas!" And he kissed her  
smack on her hairy mouth, one, two, three  
times.

JACOB A. RHIS.

UNDER WINTER STARS.

A Prairie Idyl of Christmas Eve, by Hamlin  
Garland.

His chores done, his supper eaten, the farm-  
hand starts on his lonely walk to the Christmas  
tree at the grove school house, miles away  
across the snowy prairie.

The winter night is clear and cold and still.  
The moon a crescent, low in the west, soon to set.  
The poplar trees creak in the wind, the snow  
drifts on the ground. The faint voices of the  
faint voices can be heard as he enters the wood,  
the wide air is full of a misty radiance.

The way is long, but the wind is in his back  
and his limbs are strong. His feet slip and slide  
in the deep worn sleigh path where the moon-  
light shines back from its track of smooth  
heavy snow.

His feet move in rhythm to his heart. He has  
left the monotony and toil of the farm-yard  
behind him—before him is a crowded school  
house, the sound of bells, the sight of girlish  
faces from concealed, yet with magical flash  
of eyes from the darkness.

She will be there! The one he had worshiped  
as a girl—she will be there!  
His eyes lose their hold upon the stars and  
become filled with the soft lines of a girl's head.  
Large, demure, of eyes, with hidden depths of  
mirth, shining teeth, pink ears—she was worth  
walking twelve miles to see.

He had looked forward to this evening for  
days. It had nerve his heart to swing the  
axe and to drive the hay knife. It had built a  
fire in his blood against the cold winds. Her  
face illumined life.

He leaped the fence and struck across the  
fields blowed with drifts. A wolf eyed him  
from a distance in meditative silence. A white  
owl flew close to the stubble.

The sound of bells thickened; the warm light  
of the school house shone out and his heart beat  
breathlessly fast.

The light of the room brought back his awk-  
wardness and shyness. His eyes fell as he crept  
down the wall, hearing the low rumble of  
voices. He sat obscurely in the crowd, his  
hair tumbled by his cap, his hands swollen and  
chapped with cold and toil.

The tree stood tall and solid with gifts. All  
about gay voices rang out, and the bustle of  
preparation went on. Young girls in shining  
dresses went about greeting each other and  
confiding secrets. Boys shouted and scuffed,  
and men with great coats on their arms stood  
all about the room talking in hearty voices.

In the midst of it the lonely farm-hand sat  
with wistful eyes.

Then came the voice of a chairman, then  
prayer, then the voice of a child reciting a  
verse about Jesus, then she came down through  
the aisle to the organ. She came like a queen,  
a lofty look on her face, lofty but sweet. All  
made way for her.

The young man's heart beat with unfeigned  
power, the blood swelled in his throat. He  
looked at her with the bowed head of a worship-  
ful, soiled, innocent animal. Suddenly the  
light of her eyes fell into his like rays of pure  
June sunshine. Blinded and shrinking, his  
head fell and his face flamed and throbbled.

She brushed past him. He seemed to feel her  
dress but he could not lift his eyes again. As  
she sang the room darkened and the floor  
seemed far away. He hardly dared breathe for  
fear of losing something of the sweetness of  
her voice, as she moved on, his again, and  
the applause, he dared not clap his hands, but  
he raised his eyes again to her rounded cheek

and small delicate ear. The curve of her head  
was too beautiful for words.

After a time came the giving of presents. She  
was one of the bearers. To and fro she went  
with the presents; everywhere she went cries  
of wonder and joy arose. Everywhere she went  
the eyes of the farm-hand went, and with-  
out and beautiful as the eyes of a hungry dog.  
The tree grew bare and the fun grew louder  
and louder and in the midst of it sat the home-  
less, loveless man.

Suddenly out of the throng she came for the  
last time bearing gifts. She went here, there,  
then she looked at the farm-hand again and his

## THE JUDGE AND HIS DOG.

The Strange Adventure That Once Befel on a  
Christmas in Pike County.

Whenever Christmas approaches in Pike  
County, the younger generation of woodsmen  
gather in the tavern at Wayback, invariably  
demand of some of the older dwellers in  
the district the story of the way one Christmas  
Eve was made enjoyable to some of them and  
rather an aggravation to others by the result  
of a lawsuit which was tried before old Judge  
Sniffits. The Judge was the David of the  
Sugar Swamp district, and whenever he came  
to judgment folks simply held their breath and  
watched the splinters fly. He was not only the  
bench, bar and jury, but he was the legislature,  
too, as far as providing law to suit the case in  
his bailiwick went, and if there was anything  
that he prided himself on more than another it  
was that he never wasted any time looking up  
precedents, but just made them as he wanted  
them. So there was always a good many en-  
joyable things the old time remember about  
Judge Sniffits, but the one the new generation  
loves to hear best when Christmas comes  
around is the story of that famous lawsuit, the  
case of Bipsnapp against Buzze.

One fall Adinjah Bipsnapp, claiming that  
Uriah Buzze owed him seven dollars back  
money on the price of a mule he had sold  
Uriah, summoned Uriah to appear before  
Judge Sniffits and to stand suit for the money.  
There was considerable doubt as to whether the  
money was owing to Adinjah, and the chances  
of Uriah winning the suit were good anyhow,  
because the old Judge didn't like Adinjah's  
lawyer, Gage Tabbe, the shingle weaver. Gage  
had been town clerk, once, and he was fuller of  
law points than an eggshell is of hair, and the  
Judge couldn't forgive him for that. But Gage  
was coming, and he gave his client good ad-  
vice. He knew as well as anybody, that Judge  
Sniffits would rather hunt than eat, and that  
he had a hound which he thought more of than  
he did of himself. That hound had the run of  
the court, and folks had to be mighty careful  
and not hurt his feelings. It wasn't a dog,  
either, that a disreputable stranger would  
have cared to take to his bosom, he being very  
yellow, and of a lumpy build. Gage's advice to  
Adinjah at the start was something like this:

"Nijah," said he, "you either got to go an'  
hunt with the ol' Judge an' let him beat ye up  
to see what you're made of, or you must make a  
big fuss over that darn yaller hound o' his'n  
w'en yer case is b'ing tried. Either one of these  
'll be a big 'pin in yer favor, for I'll be a per-  
centage the Judge 'll make a note on."

Adinjah couldn't fetch things around so that  
he could go hunting with the Judge, so he said  
he would not, and he braved the Judge's  
hound whenever the Judge might be looking at  
him during the trial. The case happened to be  
come up the day before Christmas. Judge  
Sniffits' court was five miles from the Bear  
Path Tavern, and a lot of us had gathered  
there for Christmas Eve, and were waiting to hear  
the trial. There were half a dozen of Adinjah's  
friends there, and about as many more of Uriah's,  
and the arguments as to how the case would be likely to result ran

high and warm. By-and-by Sol, the landlord  
said:

"This here's Christmas Eve, boys, an' a good  
time for ye to have some fun. I'm a gittin' up  
a little the better supper that ever was dished  
in this tavern, an' if 'Nijah Bipsnapp wins his  
suit, that supper belongs to his friends that's  
here or more; he's got to come in. If 'Uriah Buzze  
comes out ahead on it, then the set-oon goes to  
stuf his friends, as many as keers to tackle it.  
So let's all take an appetizer on it, an' a  
Merry Christmas to ev'body, anyhow!"

We did that, of course, without any hanging  
back. The glasses had hardly been emptied  
when clatter-clopping a horse rushed up to the  
door and stopped. The rider was one of Adin-  
jah's boys, and he dashed into the tavern  
shouting:

"Hooray for our side! Dad's won! The ol'  
Judge was with him from the word go, for dad  
just paid an' a lawyer-fog that ol' hound o'  
the Judge's all through the case, an' fetched  
him solid." The Judge didn't hardly wait to  
hear 't'other side at all, but give us judgment  
an' costs, by Hokey! I piled right onto my  
hoss an' hadn't been more'n fifteen minutes  
fetched in the news. Let's all take a drink!"

By and by 'Nijah's friends began to pass into  
the dining-room, and aggravated our party  
with all sorts of sayings and doings as we sat  
there, hungry as catamounts and glum as  
mourners.

"Never mind," said they. "You fellows kin  
hvy all that we don't get away with." And  
laughing and not with glee they sat  
down to the feast. At that moment another  
horse came tearing up to the tavern, and this  
time the rider was one of Uriah's boys.

"Hooray!" he yelled. "Pap's won!"  
"Pap's won!" shouted 'Uriah's boy. "The  
way 'Nijah paid an' made a fool of hisself  
with the Judge's hound, we see that 'we was  
gone from the start, an' w'en the Judge give

"That's right," exclaimed Bob. "Look it  
over carefully. Never buy a pig in a poke. Ex-  
amine it closely for ringbone, spavin, poll evil,  
quarter crack, heaves, humps, mumps, bumps,  
dumps, grumps or anything else under the  
shining sun. If you find it is not as sound as  
new, beat it and get rid of it, or you'll be  
without costing you a red cent, and a nice  
pair of silver-mounted harness thrown in. Shall I  
wrap it up?"

The lady said she would call later with a  
halter.

Bob looked up the store after a while, and  
went to the livery stable where he could enjoy  
himself like a Christian, as he said. But he was  
too mean to stay there and made his appearance  
at a residence in the neighborhood and, appar-  
ently much agitated, said to the lady of the  
house who came to the door:

"I don't want to alarm you, but I have im-  
portant news. I came up from the livery stable  
to tell you."

"Good heavens, what is it?"

"Why, you know your little boy Aleck, what  
we can't keep out of the stable?"

"Well, well!"

"I told Aleck just now not to go into the  
stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind  
me."

"Gracious heavens, what has happened?"

"Aleck said he wanted to see what a mule  
would do when you tickled his heels with a  
straw."

"Heavens!" gasped the lady, as she clung to  
the door for support.

"Well, ma'am, your little boy Aleck got  
him on the heel and—"

The lady started for the sidewalk.

"And the blamed beast never lifted a hoof,"  
concluded Bob as he raised his hand and de-  
tained her. "Never so much as switched his  
pink brush tail." It was a mighty lucky thing for  
Aleck that he didn't, too. Thought you would  
like to hear it, and he shot around the corner  
and back to the livery stable.

It is the opinion of the neighbors that a boy  
as mean as Bob, and one with his inclination  
for horses and meanness combined, must ulti-  
mately bring up as the proprietor of an estab-  
lishment where horse meat is sold for beef.

R. W. CHURCHILL.

judgment ag'in us we wasn't a bit 's'prised.  
"Nijah" he said when he heard the verdict,  
an' was pleased as Cuffy. The Judge's hound  
followed him an' jumped up ag'in him, w'en'd  
to be patted some more. But 'Nijah'd had  
enough o' the houn', an' he up an' kicked him  
clean across the room. Quicker'n a flash the  
Judge rapped on his desk till the windows  
rattled. Ev'rybody kin up a standin'. The  
Judge give one look at his yellin' an' ki-yin-  
dog, an' then hollered out:

"The judgment o' this court's reversed, with  
costs on the plaintiff an' twenty-five dollars  
fine on him for contempt o' court!"

It is no use to begin to try and tell what fol-  
lowed. 'Nijah's friends simply walked down to  
their boots, and if the rest of us did not do jus-  
tice to Uncle Sol's feast, and have a Christmas  
Eve that almost raised the roof, then there's no  
use of history being written. ED. MOTT.

## A TALE TOLD CHRISTMAS EVE.

Why One Man Never Touches Liquor—A Touch-  
ing Story and a True One.

"I was born and raised in a little western town  
My father and family—my mother died when I  
was a child, and I have never married—were  
proud and high-spirited, and when I went up  
on the stage they were very much cast down.  
Actors were hard and heavy drinkers in those  
days and I was not long an exception to the  
rule. I learned to love liquor and though sel-  
dom helplessly drunk, was seldom sober. Of-  
ten I have gone upon the stage not knowing  
how I was going to speak my lines. Finally, as  
a result of my intemperance, I lost my engage-  
ment in the middle of the season and went  
home to my father. My discharge, however,  
failed to teach me a lesson, and as home I was  
constantly in my cups.

"One afternoon I was passing a house near  
where my father lived when I was attracted by  
a rap on the window. I looked up and saw  
that lady was beckoning to me from inside.  
I opened the gate and walked up the path  
to the house. The lady met me at the door, led  
me into the parlor and asked me to be seated.  
I wondered what her errand with me could be,  
but I did not have to wonder long.

"Pardon my boldness," she said, "but you  
are drinking heavily are you not?"

"I told her that I was."

"You are at home at an unusual time of the  
year. Are you out of employment?"

"Yes."

"And whiskey is the cause?"

"











the corner twice; and a man in his shirt sleeves would come to the door, and ask them what they wanted.

"They could not tell what they wanted; they did not know themselves, and the man would use bad language and slam the door in their faces."

"Then they would say, 'Perhaps the spirit meant the fifth street the other way, or the third house from the opposite corner, and would try again, while still more impatiently resented."

One July I met Whibley mooning discomfitedly along Princes' street, Edinburgh.

"Fullo!" I exclaimed: "What are you doing here? I thought you were busy over that school board case?"

"Yes," he answered: "I ought really to be in London; but the truth is I'm rather expecting something to happen down here."

"Oh," I said, "and what's that?"

"Well," he replied hesitatingly, as though he would rather not talk about it: "I don't exactly know yet."

"You've come from London to Edinburgh, and don't know what you've come for?" I cried.

"Well, you see," he said, still more hesitatingly, as it seemed to me; "it was Maria's idea. She wished to see 'Maria'."

"Maria?" I interrupted, looking perhaps a little sternly at him. "Who's Maria?" His wife's name I knew was Emma Georgia, and I knew that she was sent you here. Didn't she tell you what for?"

"No," he answered: "that's what worried me. All she would say was: 'Go to Edinburgh—something will happen.'"

"And how long are you going to remain here?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he replied: "I've been here a week already, and Jobotok writes quite angrily that I ought to have come if Maria hadn't been so urgent. She repeated it three evenings running."

I hardly knew what to do. The little man was so dreadfully earnest about the business that one could not argue much with him.

"You are sure," said, after thinking awhile, "that Maria is a good spirit. There are all sorts going about, I'm told. You're sure this isn't the spirit of some deceased lunatic playing the fool with you?"

"I've thought of that," he admitted. "Of course that might be so. If nothing happens soon I shall admit to being suspicious."

"We?" I should certainly make some inquiries into his character before I inquired into his further. I answered, and left him.

About a month later I ran against him outside the law courts.

"It was all Maria's idea," he said, "something did happen in Edinburgh while I was there. That very morning I met you of my oldest friends died quite suddenly at his house at Queensberry, only a few miles outside the city."

"I'm glad of that," I answered: "I mean, of course, for Maria's sake. It was lucky you went then."

"Well, not altogether," he replied: "at least, not in a worldly sense. He left his affairs in a state of confusion, and his eldest son went straight up to London to consult me about them; and, not finding me there, and time being so precious, he had to go back rather disappointed when I got back and heard about it."

"Tmph," I said: "she's not a smart spirit, anyway."

"No," he answered: "perhaps not, but you see something really did happen."

After that his affection for "Maria" increased tenfold, while her attachment to himself became a burden to his friends. She grew more and more table and, dispensing with all mechanical intermediaries, talked to him directly. She followed him everywhere. Maria's lamb could not resist a word of nuisance. She would even go with him into the bedroom, and carry on long conversations with him in the middle of the night.

"I should be glad," he once confessed to me, "to get a little time to myself. She means kindly, but it is a strain, and then she is so nervous. I can see it does."

One evening she caused quite a scene at the club. Whibley had been playing at the club with the major for a partner. At the end of a game, the major, leaning across the table toward him, asked in a tone of deep earnestness:

"May I inquire, sir, whether there was any earthly reason for your following me, lead of spade with your only trump?"

"I—I am very sorry, major," replied Whibley, apologetically. "I—somehow, I felt I ought to lead that queen."

thought he could save the money on his estates in Portugal. However, to oblige "Maria," he would let Whibley supply the money. Whibley supplied it in cash, and no one has ever seen the count since.

That broke up Whibley's faith in "Maria," and he never returned to the house of him and threatening to prescribe a lunatic asylum for him if ever he found him carrying on with any spirit again, completely the cure.

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"Entirely your own inspiration, or suggested?" persisted the major, who had, of course, heard of Maria's case. Whibley uttered a gasp, and he suggested to him. The major rose from the table.

## BETHLEHEM TODAY

### A Visit to Christ's Birth-place in Judea.

#### Curious Surroundings—A Practical View of Palestine.

#### A Visit to the Humble Stable Where Christ Was Born.

#### Christmas in Bethlehem—The Jews of Today.

#### A Look at Jerusalem—A Sabbath Day's Journey—Among the Shepherds.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—On this day, the day before Christmas, I want you to take a trip with me to the birth-place of Christ. I visited it a few years ago, and the notes of my pencil and my camera lie before me. The sweet face of a Bethlehem Madonna looks up at me from my table as I write, and photographs of Bethlehem shepherds, in their sheepskin coats, registered by my camera, only a year or so ago, make me think of those famous shepherds who first saw the star the night before Christ came. They watch their flocks on the same plains today, and in coming to Bethlehem from Jerusalem drove right over the hills upon which they lay and saw the star.

#### THE JUDEA OF TODAY.

Palestine is much the same now as it was 1900 years ago. The greatness of its history has magnified its size, and it is hard to appreciate how small it is. You could lose it in one of the counties of Texas. You could ride across it in a day. It is a small country, and it is a second-class ticket from Joppa to Jerusalem costs you only \$1. Between the sea and the mountains lie the fertile plains of Sharon, and they are twenty miles wide and sixty long. The mountains of Judea would be lost if it were not for the Mount of Olives is so small that you can go out of Jerusalem, walk past the Garden of Gethsemane and be in the Jordan river in half an hour. You can look clear across Palestine. On a bright day you can see the thin, silvery Jordan, tied as a string to the Gulf of Suez, and the vast, sparkling Mediterranean away over the plains of Sharon. On the right, King David made a great fuss about his day's trip from Jerusalem to the Jordan, and the distance is only fourteen miles, and the Sabbath day's journey from the Holy City to Bethlehem is not more than six miles. The Jews of today are not so excited about the coming of Christ and the massacre of the innocents. I walked over the same floor upon which Pontius Pilate stood, and made up his mind for the Catholic pilgrims and the Russians out of mother-of-pearl, and the most of the pearl paper cutters which the Jews of today use to make their prayer books, and they are thirty in the extreme. The town runs down the valley of the Jordan, and its shape of a horseshoe, and it stands out against the sky, with big hills rising all around it. Its architecture is much like that of the houses of the hills. The houses are newer and cleaner. They are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were. The houses are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were. The houses are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were.

#### A LOOK AT JERUSALEM.

Both towns lie in the hills of Judea, and they were shown you in Jerusalem just where Herod lived when he was excited about the coming of Christ and the massacre of the innocents. I walked over the same floor upon which Pontius Pilate stood, and made up his mind for the Catholic pilgrims and the Russians out of mother-of-pearl, and the most of the pearl paper cutters which the Jews of today use to make their prayer books, and they are thirty in the extreme. The town runs down the valley of the Jordan, and its shape of a horseshoe, and it stands out against the sky, with big hills rising all around it. Its architecture is much like that of the houses of the hills. The houses are newer and cleaner. They are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were. The houses are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were.

#### THE RIDE FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM.

It is one of the most interesting journeys of the world, and it is through a most interesting country. Outside the walls of Jerusalem you find many houses. They have grown up since the building of the railroad, and the Holy City has a suburban real estate feeling about it. The houses are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were. The houses are built of stone, and are more like stone boxes than comfortable homes. Most houses are one story, and stand close to the cobblestone sidewalks, without yards or gardens. There are no sanitary arrangements to speak of, and the houses are not so clean as they once were.

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In the lands of the scriptures. I saw dozen old men during the journey whose faces and living wrinkles seemed to remind me of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and an old turbaned Syrian wearing a long beard who rode behind the donkey and swung his long staff.

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## VISION OF THE VIRGIN

### Wonderful Picture of Divine Origin in Mexico.

#### Story of the Apparition of Our Lady of Guadalupe to a Humble Shepherd on the Southern Hills—The Mexican Christmas Day.

#### Special Correspondence of The Times.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 20.—(Special by Mexican Press Association.) The lowly sheep-herd who was to be peculiarly favored in history was a native of the mountains of Mexico. The vision of the Christ-telling angels to the wondering shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem has its counterpart in the faith of Mexico in the apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe to Juan Diego, a lowly Mexican sheep-tender, in December of 1531. Curiously enough, the two reputed manifestations of divine desire occurred in the same month of the year.

As Christmas is the great event of the Christian year in other countries, so is the season lasting from the 9th to the 12th of December in the religious observances of the land of the Spanish conquests. The vision was given to one of the lowly of earth to behold, and so this anniversary is particularly sweet to the poor. From all parts and corners of Mexico come the pilgrims to the Hill of Guadalupe, the site of the dispensation, near the City of Mexico, to do penance for past errors, and to take new hope in the truth that all blessings are not reserved for the rich.

Out from the city there goes a great throng on the three days of the Feast of Guadalupe, and especially on the last day, many advancing the two stony miles entirely on their hands and knees, that by the penance thus made forgiveness may be more complete. On ascending the hill, the pilgrims find the simple faith of the followers after the blessed Virgin is not waning in the Mexican heart. Over half a million pilgrims were in attendance.

#### THE TRADITION.

The story of the apparition is an interesting one, and there are few of the Spanish race who doubt its entire authenticity. The story of the apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe to Juan Diego, a lowly Mexican sheep-tender, in December of 1531. Curiously enough, the two reputed manifestations of divine desire occurred in the same month of the year.

#### THE ROSE-MAIDEN.

#### From Our Regular New York Fashion Correspondent.

Within the charmed circles called society the seasons are deferred to or defined, according to society's own sweet will. They bring a welcome excuse for change of costume, but the slight deference paid to them does not exclude the wearing of fur in summer, if the aforesaid sweet will so decides, or the profuse use of summer flowers in the dead of winter. In fact, it is during winter's reign that the florist's most gorgeous and forcing nature to bring her buds and blossoms to the adornment and gratification of wealth. The bold chrysanthemum, which not long since held the place of honor, now shares it with the more refined and tender violet and rose.

The shops glarily announce roses and violets for sale; the bosom of beauty and the prosaic outbush of manliness are decorated by these flowers, and the violet which has a language of its own. The rose, which is the more decorative of the two, is the greater favorite with the girls who have a taste for the delicate in society; the violet with the shy debutante "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet."

The illustration shows you the rose maiden with her fuchsia of laces and round white throat and neck which the rose significantly emphasizes. The rose maiden is stately, and self-contained, and knows just what she is looking for, and is pretty well informed how to obtain it when she finds it. The poise of her head, the way her hair drawn away in a strong-minded fashion from the forehead, and the deference she shows to the world, all these things will conform to custom just far enough, but not too far to prevent her hope's fulfillment. Long may she wave—our own rose maiden.

FLORETTE.

Personal Government.

To a slight disregard of the law, I can do whatever I want to; and whatever I want to, I can do whatever I want to.

I am the Constitution.

I have all the rights and all the powers, and I can do whatever I want to.

My ministers, my commissioners, and my judges, they all do as I bid.

I am the law that knows no law; I make law and war myself.

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**THE WHITE WITCH**  
By Mary E. Wilkins.

POLARIA is an undiscovered country, and there has never been anything written about it in the newspapers.

Polaria was once a perfectly white country. Even in the summer there were no green leaves and bright flowers—they were all white. The forests were all white, like the frost forests on the window panes in the winter. The pastures were white also, and white cattle with horns like pearls, and sheep with fleeces like silver felt in them.

All the people in Polaria, young and old, had white hair, and white faces like statues, and they always dressed in white.

Polaria has for a long period been a very prosperous country. But at one time there were two very serious causes for unhappiness in Polaria.

One was a strange disease, peculiar to the country, which the doctors called by a learned name, which meant "hunger for color." People who were attacked by it never recovered, but went about with their eyes shut, and kept their eyes shut, and they could not see colors, and the doctors ordered that



When the King and the Lord High Chamberlain looked out from the White Witch's house, the King made an exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked the Lord High Chamberlain, for he could not see with his eyes shut.

"There stand six detectives looking over the witch's garden wall," replied the King.

And indeed there were six of the government detectives in the white great-coats and capes and white peaked hats, which were their uniform, standing on tiptoe looking over the witch's garden wall. They rested their chins on the edge of the wall, and each had a telescope, which was his insignia of office, at his eyes.

The King drew rein before the wall and he and the Lord High Chamberlain, then he and the Lord High Chamberlain joined the detectives and looked

treatment. Fully one-third of the population of Polaria groined about with their eyes shut, and that was a great evil, since it hindered progress, as well as looking awkward and stupid.

The other affliction of Polaria was also of the nature of a disease, although it was not a disease, but it had been called a great national discontent, and it affected only the rising generation. All children were attacked by it, and the doctors could not cure them; and finally a national council was held to see if nothing more could be done.

The council was in session for a week. The King of Polaria announced it as his opinion that the cause of the trouble was the great prosperity of the country, and the absence of taxes. Everything was so cheap that the children had all they wanted, and consequently were not satisfied with anything.

Everybody voted "yes" to this, and there were no contrary minds; but though they knew the cause, it was not so easy to settle upon any remedy for the evil.

The council was in session twelve hours a day, and the members all brought their dinner in tin pails, and did not go home at noon; but they got no nearer a solution.

Yet it was very important that something should be done speedily, as Christmas was approaching, and that day the epidemic of discontent always grew positively alarming. When the children were given their presents off the Christmas trees they were so discontented that they pelted each other with them. Many little boys had their foreheads plastered with brown paper for weeks, because they had been hit by jumping-jacks and Noah's arks and tops. Little girls, too, dragged the dolls from their stockings on Christmas morning and threw them away, and the dolls in Polaria

had feelings, that was truly shocking to the community.

The poor dolls, who had been invented by a great genius of Polaria and had feelings just as natural as life, lay under the windows in the snow-banks and wept piteously, until the officers of the humane society came with ambulances and gathered them up. There were dolls in white satin trains and silver crowns, like queens, who could walk and talk, and baby dolls, and beautiful boy dolls, and they all had feelings; but it made no difference. The little girls rejected them all.

On the Christmas day before it had been suggested that all the children be summoned into the market-place on Christmas day and be obliged to exchange their presents. The plan had been tried but had nearly occasioned a riot. The children had been more discontented than ever when forced to take each other's presents. The air had been thick with toys, and the dolls had sprawled about on their faces everywhere, weeping because their feelings were hurt. It would not do to try that plan the second time.

At last the Lord High Chamberlain arose. His eyes were shut, for he had

white robins, who chirped and sang on a silver perch above her heart.

When the poor witch, bound hand and foot with silver chains, was being driven rapidly to the city, these twelve white robins fluttered around the chaise, making cries of distress. They even flew in the faces of the King and Lord High Chamberlain. But the witch ordered them away. She said:

"Ye, Lan, Linney, Man, Dixey, Adney, Achey, Ann, Do ye my will, if ye will or not. Or—Diminy, Woxy, Nicksey, Hot!"

The last word was an awful threat to the robins, and they immediately flew on to the hood of the chaise, and were still.

The witch was very meek with her captors. She had merely mentioned that she was not practicing black magic, and she was not a witch, and then she had submitted to be chained without another word.

She never complained at all when she was dragged into her white dungeon, which was cold as the heart of an icicle, and chained to the white stone floor, and given a little cold flour porridge for supper. She gave nearly all of that to her twelve white robins who had flown into the dungeon with her;



and all night long they rested close to her, and spread their little white wings and their bosoms and tried to keep her warm.

It was not the fashion in Polaria to give a witch who was accused of black magic, which was their uniform, a simple sentence to be burned alive in the market-place in six days.

However, this left the King and the council and the country in great perplexity.

Everybody felt that the law must be maintained, yet their only hope of deliverance from one, at least, of the national diseases lay in the White Witch, who was to be burned.

It did not seem polite to ask her assistance, when she was going to burn her own people, and she said decidedly that he, for one had not the face to do it.

Another council was called and it was decided that the King should visit her and see if they could not effect a compromise.

So on the night before the day set for the execution the King and the Lord High Chamberlain and the six detectives all took lanterns and went to the dungeon of the White Witch. The twelve white robins flew in their faces and attacked them with their little beaks but the witch said her spell over them and they settled quietly down to sleep.

Then the King stated the case and tried to effect a compromise. The witch listened attentively and then she declared her willingness to give them all the assistance in her power if they would spare her life and permit her to water not only her own garden but the magic tea which she had brewed in the teakettle but also all the gardens in the country.

"But that is black magic," objected the King.

"It is strictly white magic," said the witch, firmly, and she would not yield a jot of her own magic tea, but she would consent to refrain from using her teakettle and have her life spared. She was obstinate, and that, of course, made a deadlock. These things, although they felt uneasy in their minds, it did seem as if any country must go to pieces that made no preparations at all for Christmas.

But nothing whatever was done. The shutters remained up at the shop windows, the doors were barred, and there were no fir trees for Christmas trees.

On Christmas eve the White Witch went through the storehouse and walls and said over eight times:

"Ye, Lan, Linney, Man, Dixey, Adney, Achey, Ann, Do ye my will, if ye will or not. Or—Diminy, Woxy, Nicksey, Hot!"

Then she opened the doors and sat down near them and knitted her architectural lace, while she waited. She knew what would happen.

Very soon there was a stir among the dolls who had feelings. Several of them came running to the door, and ran out in the road with a swish of golden locks and a flutter of silken skirts. At the rest of the dolls, who were as fast as the wind, and the jumping-jacks tumbled out of the door, and the stamper of various animals began, and the rattle of the little wagons and sleds.

Long before midnight all the Christmas presents were out of the White Witch's storehouse and safe in their own homes where their old owners welcomed them with love and gratitude.

All the bells in the steeples rang for Christmas joy, because the epidemic of discontent was over. The White Witch shut the storehouse door, and went into her own house. She sat beside the fire, and knitted on the architectural lace, while she waited. She knew what would happen. She had commanded all the Christmas presents to do her will, and her will was that they should come to her Christmas Eve, and the law had been expressed with them.

It was very early, as early as the first Christmas tree was lighted up, when the White Witch laid down her architectural lace and listened. There was a strange din out in the road, and it grew louder and louder. Presently one could distinguish quite plainly the tread of hundreds of little kid-shod feet, and the tiny lamentations of the dolls with feelings. The pretty little girl dolls and the boy dolls

ran ahead, panting and sobbing; then the young lady dolls and the queen dolls, and the bride dolls holding up their satin train out of the dust and weeping, and their crying was quite pitiful to hear.

Then there was the rattling of the wooden joints of hundreds of jumping-jacks, and a stamper of rocking-horses, and the Noah's ark animals. The Noah's arks trundled after them in company with little express wagons and wheelbarrows. The air overhead was thick with books and pictures and bon-bons, and perfume bottles, and mittens, and gloves, and all the Christmas presents that one could think of.

The witch took them all into her storehouse, and comforted the other presents away safely.

The next morning, very early, before dawn, the presents began to come again. All Christmas day, until after midnight, there could be no travel past the witch's house, it was so blocked with Christmas presents that not one child in the city had a Christmas present. The White Witch had them all. And all through the next year the

## CHRISTMAS DAYS IN THE ARCTIC.

By George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief, U.S.N.

Special Contributor to The Times.

Not altogether in accordance with my wishes, nor altogether against them, do I comply with the request for a story of Christmas in the Arctic. I presume the desire is for a review of my personal experiences, which, in truth, were varied and thrilling, both afloat and ashore, within the Arctic circle.

During the two Christmas holiday seasons passed in the frozen seas aboard the good ship Jeannette, commanded by Lieutenant Commander De Long, the usual shipboard Christmas festivities were carried out, not so much by his order, as because of the unanimous desire of officers and men to make as merry as possible under existing conditions.

Those conditions were not mirth provoking. With the coming of the first Christmas we had, for four months, been ice-bound, and there was no prospect of delivery. Our ship was partly crushed beneath the ice, and day and night, we were pumping the water with hand and steam-pumps to keep her afloat. In fact the pumps never ceased to pump, and the hands assembled in the second Christmas for the first time in the season. "I like to be awake on nights," said he, "and listen to the merry chug of the pumps."

The second Christmas was much like the first, except that the ruddy glow of healthy manhood had fallen from our cheeks. The dark hair and beards had paled to brown or red, and the fair hair had bleached to nearly white, giving us more or less the appearance of pale potato sprouts that had tried to bloom in a cellar.

Still we were merry, and although most of us failed to enjoy the merry chug of the pumps, there was much to be enjoyed. Every hour of the day or night was spent in some way to attract our attention in the weird surroundings of ice and snow, hundreds of miles from the habitations of men. The first Christmas the ruddy glow of the thick-ribbed ice floes was an increasing study of grandeur. Some, at least forty feet in thickness, would split with a report like the roar of cannon, or, pushing and shoving, under-running or over-running, they would by the telescoping process climb to the height of one hundred feet or more, thereby becoming fountains.

Then we had the marvelous spectacle of the aurora, which is beyond the power of pen to describe. Starting with a slight flashing in the distance, like summer lightning in the middle latitudes, it would gradually grow stronger, dancing a fairy dance up and down across the floor from left to right, from right to left, growing in intensity until the whole icy world seemed to be one blaze of rainbow colored light with white or yellow predominating.

And then, with a rush like a mighty whirlwind, it would gather itself together, and rushing upward in long ribbons of light, would gradually coil in a corona in the zenith, when, fold after fold, the God-created, electric-pointed curtains would shimmer and dance away in the distance, leaving in the pale light of the moon and stars, each planet looks as large as a moon, and the moon itself, to return to prosaic terms, as large as the renowned Herkimer county cheese.

Notwithstanding that these were nightly occurrences the thoughtful and the grave of our little band would

stand for hours gazing and drinking in the delights of fairy land, unmindful of the biting cold that was freezing noses to an icy whiteness, and sealing eyes and lips with glistening eyelashes and mustaches.

On many times in such a scene recalled the dreams of my youth, when I read of the Ark of the Covenant, covered with a cloud, as it was borne in the midst of the marshes of Israel. It seemed, too, to relieve my boyish conceptions of the passing of time, when the hours of the heavens should be folded as a mighty scroll.

Such thoughts as these, and others, too, passed through the mind of the thirty-three men who made up our ship's company. It was grand to see how, grasping each other cheerfully, manfully, by the hand, each man would look at his fellow in the face, and, through his eyes, into his very soul, exclaiming "Glorious!" and the unspoken thought would pass from mind to mind: "Brother, we may never escape from this plight, but we have beheld visions of glory revealed only to the eyes of the fearless."

As a still finer like that of death would come over the party, each communing, as it were, with his own soul, and thoughts would wander to the dear home—of some such as had homes. Seafaring men are queer nomads, and some never have what the average intelligent American calls home, which he boasts of and loves. Moreover, there were those among us whose home was a desolation upon earth. Even the solitude of the Arctic Ocean, with all its deadly perils, was as naught compared to blighted hopes and ruins of half-built castles of love, the nest and its nestlings hurled through space by the whirlwind of misfortune.

But in spite of adversity and cruel circumstances, we were merry in our Christmas seasons in the Arctic. The sailor men had prepared the deckhouse for a theatrical performance. The sailors' bags and the officers' lockers had been ransacked for material for costumes. A play had been written by a talented playwright in the cabin. As

usual, it portrayed the experience of a lovely girl enamored of a youth whom her cruel parents would not permit her to marry. We had a handsome young chap who made a very pretty girl in ship-made petticoats, in spite of the fact that his huge moccasins did not peep, but fairly stood out from beneath the dainty skirts. An orchestra was organized. We had a fine violinist—not a sailor fiddler, but a veritable artist—who furnished the music.

On the afternoon preceding the performance, with a shout of "ho, ho," to an imaginary restlessness team of reindeer came a rattle and bang at the cabin door, then a gust of wind and snow, and the bill poster entered. With much ceremony he posted one of the bulkheads the play bill for the evening's performance, which to be held in the Jeannette Operahouse, in lat. 73 deg. 48 min., long. 177 deg. 32 min. E., between the great floes, near the site of the palace of King Frost, at the mouth of Old Bo-

rears. On that Christmas was to be seen the tangible form of the girl we loved, but whom most of us would never see. There was to be music by the orchestra, songs and dances by the troupe of artists gathered from all over the world—God knows this was a fact—a pleasant epilogue from one of the officers, and an address from the commander. Admission was free, but the hope was expressed that all might be treated to hot grog and plum duff for Christmas dinner, and a hearty, merry Christmas was extended to all.

Pretty Miss Susan, the sailor maid, was most charming. In fact, when the play was over the poor dandy was almost divested of her clothing by the sailors, all of whom claimed a kiss from the only girl they had seen for months, and the belle of the Arctic Ocean. Our jolly bo'sun declared it was the prettiest imitation of a girl that he had ever seen, and, lest he might never see another, he was determined to have a kiss from the dummy.

Christmas was bright and clear, as though it was intended that the Star of Bethlehem should shine for us, and did in the twinkling of an eye. We had an excellent dinner of canned goods. Officers and men fared

alike aboard the Jeannette, not only on holiday occasions, but on other days. The same warmth and cheer of food was served to all, and on jollification nights, of which we had not a few, all received the same quality of spirits. In other words, my friends, I do not receive the erroneous impression that an unlimited amount of spirits was served at any time. I will here state that only on Saturday nights and on days it was served at all, and then the exact quantity was two ounces, about four table-spoons to each person. Mixed with a pint of hot water, spice and candied lemon peel, it made a soul-inspiring drink for the most disheartened. And so, out of the range of Christmas newspapers or his collector, with hope still high in our hearts that we might yet accomplish something in the way of discovery that would make famous our two Christmas days aboard the Jeannette were merrily passed.

Before another holiday season came about there were tragic changes. Our good ship laid a wreck in the depths of the Arctic Ocean. A weary march across the moving pack ice 500 miles from our base, had broken our boats, sleds, and provisions brought us to the New Siberian Islands. Much of the route was so rough that we had to advance our baggage one piece at a time, and each mile of our pathway was traversed thirteen times. Still we tried to be merry, albeit often suffering from cold and hunger. After four weeks' marching I had seen half our number come into camp with bare feet; and after supper, before turning into the sleeping bags, officers and men would repair moccasins to be ready for the next day's march.

But all troubles came to an end. Ours did, but what an end! In crossing the open sea between the New Siberian Islands and the coast of Siberia, Lieut. Chipp and his boat's crew were lost, the boat broaching and capsizing, drowning all hands. The other boat reached the land nearly 200 miles apart, having been separated in the gale. The commander's boat landed on

the coast. But in making a heroic attempt to reach a place of safety, the commander and all but two of his boat's crew perished of cold and starvation. The two who escaped the fate of their comrades had been sent forward in quest of succor. They were found nearly dead from exhaustion at a hut on the Lena River, and were rescued by the natives.

The whole conveying eleven people, of whom I was happily one, had the good fortune to enter one of the many eastern branches of the Lena. After much suffering, we succeeded in finding natives who cared for us until we were able to travel. The holiday season found me making difficult but unavailing search for my missing comrades. Of our ship's company of thirty-three, brave men, twenty slept in the cold embrace of death under the icy waters and the drifting snow of Siberia, when Christmas dawned again.

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THE ASTOR MILLIONS.  
The Foundation of a Great Fortune Laid by a Man Born a Serf.

(An Exchange) Tracing back this volume of wealth we find its source in the humble village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, Germany. There John Jacob Astor, the first, was born 1763, in poverty, a serf, that is, a semi-slave. His father, a butcher, provided liberally for his family during the brief period of harvest, when his business was good, and then allowed them to be pinched with want during the rest of the year. His mother was a thrifty, hard-working and religious woman, but died when Jacob was a youth. The father spent his time in saloons carousing, compelled his son in ragged clothes to carry meat around town, and desired to be succeeded in that kind of life by his son.

Marrying a second time, the father quarreled much with his new wife, who was a poor, coarse, and round woman, and Jacob often slept on a plank away from home, coming back early in the morning with his work. But his life became unbearable to the youth. Serfdom was abolished in the Grand Duchy of Baden in 1782, and thus John Jacob Astor was liberated from the semi-slavery of his political condition. Shame because of the drunken habits of his father and fear of the hot temper of his stepmother were the motives which gave John Jacob Astor his first start.

Leaving home in 1783, with \$2 in his pocket, free to do as he chose, he sat down and wrote to his mother and fondly looked back to the old home in the distance with a feeling of homesickness. He recalled the image of his sainted mother, who was his chief object of affection, and there made three resolutions: "To be honest, to be industrious and not to gamble."

He soon reached the banks of the Rhine. A man was needed to help guide a large raft down to the ocean. He took the job. After two weeks of labor they reached the ocean, and Jacob was paid \$10, the largest sum he had ever had in his life.

America was his objective point when he left home, but a brother went to business in London. There he went and worked for two years, mastering the art of making musical instruments, and then he came to New York, bringing a facility in speaking the English language, not a word of which he knew when he left home. He worked early and late, practicing the most diligent, relentless economy, and saved \$75. With this sum he started for America. The voyage was long and tempestuous. He reached New York in the fall of 1784, more the ship became imbedded in ice and they were kept there two months. But here he became acquainted with a sea captain, who gave him an introduction to a new star. The man was a German and a fur trader. He described his business and spoke of the profits that had accrued to him in the disposal of a cargo of furs in England. Recently, Astor resolved to turn his attention from musical instruments to furs. Upon landing he went up to New York, and with his introduction to another brother, who was a butcher.

They talked matters over, and it was determined that Jacob should apply to the butcher for a trade in furs. He learned the business. He soon found a job with a Quaker, his salary was \$2 a week and board. This was a happy arrangement, for the Quaker was a man who would be required to pay apprentice-ship fees, as was the custom in the old country. He was set to work beating and carrying his goods to the fur traders' attention to his work, and nothing was too trivial for examination. He desired to master the business in every detail. So with the least of curiosity he studied the different furs, questioned the hunters and trappers who came to dispose of their goods concerning the nature and habits of the different animals and how they were caught.

Soon his employer promoted him. He was commissioned to buy the furs. A difficult trip had to be made to Montreal and Astor was sent. His aptness in dealing with Indians, his prudence concerning the nature and habits of the different animals and how they were caught, soon surprised his employer.

After about two years of this work he set out on his own. He had a small New York city. With a capital of a few hundred dollars, part of it a loan from his brother, he commenced in a small way. He did not work for himself. His acquaintance with trappers widened. His business grew, for to it he devoted all his time and all his energy. He married. His wife became a great help to him. He said she became as good a judge of furs as himself. He purchased a small house in New York city. In fifteen years he was worth one-fourth of a million. He bought other vessels. His plans reached across the continent, and he founded Astoria, in Oregon, as a point of departure for his ships to China. His business relations widened and touched points all over the globe.

He made \$2,000,000 in this business. Then he turned his attention to real estate and made heavy investments in Manhattan Island lands. His property increased surprisingly in value. He died worth \$30,000,000. The Astors' houses and lots have since gone up to fabulous rates. Justly the Astors today are called "the great landlords."

FUR GARMENTS MADE OVER.

We can make over your old seal skin, red fox, and change its style so it will look like new. All first-class work. Reasonable. We also carry a complete line of fur capes and mantles. Popular cloak and suit Co., No. 217 South Spring street.



1, George W. de Long, commander. 2, George W. Melville, engineer. 3, John W. Danenhower, second officer. 4, Jerome J. Collins, New York Herald. 5, William Dunbar, ice pilot. 6, Raymond Lee Newcomb, naturalist. 7, James M. Ambler, surgeon. 8, Lieut. Charles W. Chipp, executive officer.

stand for hours gazing and drinking in the delights of fairy land, unmindful of the biting cold that was freezing noses to an icy whiteness, and sealing eyes and lips with glistening eyelashes and mustaches.

On many times in such a scene recalled the dreams of my youth, when I read of the Ark of the Covenant, covered with a cloud, as it was borne in the midst of the marshes of Israel. It seemed, too, to relieve my boyish conceptions of the passing of time, when the hours of the heavens should be folded as a mighty scroll.

Such thoughts as these, and others, too, passed through the mind of the thirty-three men who made up our ship's company. It was grand to see how, grasping each other cheerfully, manfully, by the hand, each man would look at his fellow in the face, and, through his eyes, into his very soul, exclaiming "Glorious!" and the unspoken thought would pass from mind to mind: "Brother, we may never escape from this plight, but we have beheld visions of glory revealed only to the eyes of the fearless."

As a still finer like that of death would come over the party, each communing, as it were, with his own soul, and thoughts would wander to the dear home—of some such as had homes. Seafaring men are queer nomads, and some never have what the average intelligent American calls home, which he boasts of and loves. Moreover, there were those among us whose home was a desolation upon earth. Even the solitude of the Arctic Ocean, with all its deadly perils, was as naught compared to blighted hopes and ruins of half-built castles of love, the nest and its nestlings hurled through space by the whirlwind of misfortune.

But in spite of adversity and cruel circumstances, we were merry in our Christmas seasons in the Arctic. The sailor men had prepared the deckhouse for a theatrical performance. The sailors' bags and the officers' lockers had been ransacked for material for costumes. A play had been written by a talented playwright in the cabin. As



SHRINKAGE IN  
BIG FORTUNESAs the Result of the Panic of a  
Few Months Ago.Some Interesting Facts and Figures—Wealth  
Which is Always on the Increase—  
What the Richest Men of This  
Country are Really Worth.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—There are more paper millionaires in New York than anywhere else in the world," said a Wall-street banker to me the other afternoon as I sat in his private office just after the close of the Stock Exchange. "Queen," he went on, "how wealth that they do not deserve. They make a few thousands, set up a fine establishment and immediately are rated as worth from \$100,000 to \$250,000. In five years they are reputed to be millionaires, and in five years more their wealth is estimated at \$5,000,000. I tell you few of the rich men and women in New York are worth half what they are reputed to be."

Such good authorities as Jay Gould and J. D. Rockefeller are on record as saying that after men actually become millionaires they cannot tell the extent of their own fortune.

"It is my opinion that after a man has accumulated \$1,000,000 he does not know his own wealth if he is in any business in which there may be a shrinkage of values."

Thus spoke Jay Gould on one occasion when a congressional investigating committee was trying to find out what his wealth was, and if his methods were fair.

John D. Rockefeller, who as a witness before the same committee, said that he did not know how wealthy he was.

"I have seen myself quoted in the newspapers," said the Standard Oil magnate, "as worth anywhere from \$10,000,000 to \$30,000,000. Now what I own, I own, but I do not begin to guess what my estimate above \$10,000,000, although of course that is not the extent of my wealth."

These were two very good authorities and one of them, Mr. Rockefeller, is still in evidence, and is said to be one of the wealthiest men in the world. So you will see that any reliance can be put in the ordinary reports as to the wealth of men prominent in finance and affairs. These estimates are almost always based on guess work, and so are far wide of the truth. In these days of sensational writing those who indulge in it are prone to exaggerate. It is not to the extent of \$100,000,000, as a much greater one.

During the money panic of a few months ago the uncertainty of the wealth of our richest men was clearly proved. Those rich men whose wealth lay in bonds and stocks as security, found it to diminish at a wonderful rate, immeasurably faster than it had been accumulated. Bonds and stocks fell in value so rapidly that some very rich men whose money was all invested in these things found themselves poorer by millions in a few weeks. Those who were not so concerned, those who got frightened and unloaded their holdings found themselves poorer in fact as well as in appearance. Those who were willing and able to hold on found themselves at the end of the panic in about the same position as before. Those who were not so concerned, those who were not either rich or poorer, on paper.

It is this liability to fluctuate that wealth is subject to that makes it next to impossible to estimate what very wealthy men really are worth in a money sense. The riches of a man are like a sliding one, and sometimes it slides very rapidly. The result of this is that there is but a bare handful of very rich men whose wealth does not at times fall off. Of these the foremost are the Astors, whose wealth is in a more solid and satisfactory shape than that of any other family in this country since it constantly increases. The Vanderbilts follow the Astors. After these come the Rhinelanders, the Goulds, the Goetzels, the Russells, the Sages, the John W. Mackays, and a score, perhaps more, all more or less wealthy.

But nearly all the money is considered to be richer by many millions than they really are, while scores of modest millionaires are overlooked entirely. A very conservative estimate of the wealth of the Astors puts it at \$200,000,000, and this makes the family the richest in the United States. What is more, the wealth of the Astors is in such shape that it cannot but increase, for the reason that it is gilt-edged New York City real estate, and that which has, within the past ten years, increased in value several hundred per cent., and is still appreciating. The policy of the Astors has always been to buy real estate on the lines along which New York city is now extending, and hold it for a disposition on the line, however, but building and renting instead. The result is that the Astor properties are in valuable lands, in brick, iron, stone and other buildings, and in fluctuating stocks and bonds, the fixed value of which is always uncertain.

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A family, the Vanderbilts stand next to the Astors in the matter of wealth, and their riches must be considered in the aggregate and in common, since their individual fortunes are pooled, so to speak. You will often see Cornelius Vanderbilt, the present head of the house, quoted as being worth \$200,000,000. Of course he is not worth any such amount. Cornelius has most of the Vanderbilt millions, but those who know say that he personally is not worth above \$20,000,000, if as much.

It must be remembered that the late William H. Vanderbilt saved these family to divide millions among, and so the shares in the end were not so large as some people thought them. Besides, there is a disposition on the part of the calculators who love big figures to give the Vanderbilts credit for owning outright their great railroad system, while as a matter of fact, thousands of stockholders share in the ownership.

Another family that owns great wealth is the Rhinelanders, and whose early members settled in New York more than a century ago. The founder of this family owned in his day a farm that ran along the Hudson River, in what is now the heart of New York. It extended from the Hudson to near Fifth avenue, and the ground on which the original Rhinelanders formerly grew turnips is now worth hundreds of dollars a square yard in certain localities. The Rhinelanders, like the Astors, have, as a rule, sought to increase their landed property, and have sold inferior land in order to buy better. In other words, as New York has grown, they have sold property down town in the great city, where tenements are pushing out the old residents, and are buying in new districts, after the manner of the Astors. There is no exaggeration in saying that the holdings of this family in New York now amount in value to \$100,000,000.

The present Goetz family of New

York is another that holds wealth in common, and like the Rhinelanders, they to their hard-headed German ancestors who invested their money in New York real estate and left clauses in their wills ordering that their land possessions be held intact as far as possible. The result is that the Goetz family in New York, now in the most desirable neighborhood of New York, are rated to represent \$75,000,000.

The wealth of the Gould family has always been overestimated just as the wealth of Jay Gould himself was in his day. This wealth is at times estimated as high as \$200,000,000 and more. Gould was worth anything like such a sum, nor is the combined wealth of the family more than half that sum. Jay Gould's wealth while he was alive was always overestimated, as he wished it to be for purposes of his own at times. He was worth much less than \$100,000,000 when he died, some judges say less than \$75,000,000, although it was in such a shape that no one could rightly tell just how much it aggregated. It is doubtful if it has grown much since Gould's death.

So much for the wealthy families. The wealthiest single individual in this country is no doubt John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, and strangely enough his wealth is usually underestimated. He is one of the very few who enjoy a distinction. Ordinary judges usually rate Mr. Rockefeller as being worth \$75,000,000. Very good judges who know Mr. Rockefeller and his numerous enterprises, say that he is worth not less than \$125,000,000. He is at the head of the Standard Oil Company, and the biggest fish in the pool. He owns fleets of oil tankers, railroad lines, real estate, and of late years has gone into various businesses, all of which have proved hugely profitable. His brother, William D. Rockefeller, is not so rich, but he is worth some \$75,000,000, which is enough for him to live upon very comfortably.

Russell Sage, the famous side partner of Jay Gould, is another man whose wealth is thought to be less than it really is. Sage has more money perhaps within call than any other man in this country, for the simple reason his wealth is mostly in actual money rather than in stocks and bonds, real estate. He is a money broker pure and simple, the pawnbroker of Wall street, who waxes fat by loaning money to speculators, upon gilt-edged securities and at a big interest. These are all short call loans, and so the money is constantly going and coming in Sage's offices. The result is that he can command more money at short notice than other financiers, simply by calling in Russell Sage is now considered to be worth at least \$75,000,000 in cash.

Henry Hilton, who inherited most of the wealth of the great merchant, A. T. Stewart, is a constant victim of the wild calculator. There are dozens of estimates of his wealth. The best authority, however, is that he is worth \$100,000,000. Some say \$125,000,000. The value of his estate as \$60,000,000. Mr. Hilton has most of his estate in money paid to legatees, and the funds which built the Cathedral in which A. T. Stewart's bones are supposed to be resting. He is now recovering from the gang that stole them many a years ago.

The revenue of the great Stewart estate, the original owner of the original sum bequeathed to Judge Hilton, though to be sure he has been put to heavy expense in defending the will of his father, is estimated at \$10,000,000.

A woman whose wealth has long been the subject of discussion is Hetty Green, a famous character in her way. She is said to be worth \$100,000,000. Her taxes indicate that she has in Chicago alone \$12,000,000 worth of investments, but the bulk of her wealth is invested in New York and other Eastern cities.

One never hears of the sons of A. T. Stewart, in the list of very rich men, and yet their wealth is much greater than many of the men who are so named. They still represent the wealth of this country and their wealth is not far below \$20,000,000. C. P. Huntington and D. O. Mills, who are '49ers, are overlooked by calculators generally, and when they are named are held to be richer than they really are. An estimate made by several men, who know the weight of a million dollars, indicates that Mr. Mills is worth near \$40,000,000 and Mr. Huntington not much less.

Levi P. Morton, ex-Vice-President, is another man whose wealth many of the contradictory stories are told. His wealth has been exaggerated grossly. Some persons have put it down as much as \$50,000,000. His friends say his wealth is not worth more than \$15,000,000.

The men who married into the Vanderbilt family are all rich men in their own right, but their connection with the Vanderbilts has led many persons to think them more worthy than they are, probably, because the fortunes left to the daughters are usually added to those of their husbands. Of these sons-in-law of Vanderbilt, William Sloane is worth \$20,000,000, as estimated by good authorities, independent of his wife.

Dr. Seward Webb and H. McK. Twombly, who also married Vanderbilts, are worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000, independent of that Vanderbilt left to each of his daughters. Among the younger men who have come to the front, some of whom have inherited wealth, and some of whom have won it, William C. Whitney is the most conspicuous. Some fifteen years ago he was not considered at all wealthy. Today he is at the head of several powerful syndicates, controlling railroads and other enterprises, and he is rated as being worth \$10,000,000. But there are a score or more of men in New York city who are worth \$10,000,000. To be sure they are credited with more as a rule.

Among those are such well-known men as Robert Bonner, James M. Constance, the great merchant; John Claflin of the famous firm of H. B. Claflin & Co.; Theodore Havemeyer, the millionaire sugar refiner; Eugene Kelly, the Irish banker, and a number of others. Many men are constantly passing the million-dollar mark, and so it has come about that a man who can only boast of one or two million is not looked up to any great extent. The result has been a disposition to exaggerate on the part of newspaper calculators, and the story of a man's wealth increases the total every time it is told.

As a matter of fact, there are any number of men who are doing big things in the newspapers as millionaires who would cheerfully dispose of every hope they have of ever owning a million dollars for a couple of hundred thousand cash. They would not need urging at that.

But, to sum up: Here are the names of some very rich people, and a conservative estimate of what they are really worth today:

|                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| The Astor estate.....       | \$200,000,000 |
| John D. Rockefeller.....    | 175,000,000   |
| The Rhinelander estate..... | 100,000,000   |
| Cornelius Vanderbilt.....   | 80,000,000    |
| The Goetz family.....       | 75,000,000    |
| The Gould estate.....       | 75,000,000    |
| William Rockefeller.....    | 75,000,000    |
| Russell Sage.....           | 75,000,000    |
| The Belmont family.....     | 50,000,000    |
| D. O. Mills.....            | 50,000,000    |
| Henry M. Flagler.....       | 50,000,000    |
| Leland Stanford estate..... | 50,000,000    |
| Henry Hilton.....           | 40,000,000    |
| C. P. Huntington.....       | 40,000,000    |
| John H. Flagler.....        | 35,000,000    |
| Andrew Carnegie.....        | 35,000,000    |
| John W. Mackay.....         | 25,000,000    |
| James Gordon Bennett.....   | 20,000,000    |
| Henry Hart.....             | 20,000,000    |
| Eugene Higgins.....         | 20,000,000    |
| William Sloane.....         | 20,000,000    |
| Levi P. Morton.....         | 15,000,000    |

WORTHY SONS  
OF NOTED SIREAnything Hereditary in  
the Matter of Brains?The Question Answered by the  
Success of the Sons.Noted Living Descendants of Some  
of Our Greatest Men.A Long and Impending List of Men Who are  
Not Handicapped by the Shadow  
of a Forefather's Great  
Name.

Specialty Contributed to The Times.

In the crowd that hurries along Broadway these days, rushing in and out of the big office buildings, swallowing luncheons that mean dyspepsia for life, the army of men and women who are struggling for existence, there are some notable people—worthy sons of worthy sires.

I saw, in a short walk around the Stock Exchange the other day, young John A. Logan, son of the ever-glorious "Black Jack" young Everts, son of a famous and brainy father; young McClellan, fated to stand high in the councils of the Democracy, and other men born of distinguished fathers, and making fortunes for themselves.

Is there anything hereditary in the matter of brains?

Do brains men endow their sons with a legacy of brains?

What is there in what is so freely known as "good blood" or "stock"?

We shall see.

There are sons of ex-Presidents of the United States, and of men who have gained prominence in public life, who may first be brought into evidence. Robert Lincoln, who has given up diplomacy as an over-expensive pursuit, is practicing law and making \$25,000 a year. He has not the remarkable qualities of his great father, but he is a very able man, and has maintained the prestige of the name of Lincoln in both public and professional life. His son, who died a few years ago, was also a public and professional life. His son, who died a few years ago, was also a public and professional life.

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low, like his father, is to go to West Point.

George B. McClellan, Jr., though still a young man, is already a prominent figure in New York State politics, and is sure to be sent ahead by the men now in control.

Gen. "Fighting" Phil Kearney's son has been for some time prominent in military matters in his State. The son of Gen. Roger A. Pryor is manager of his father's law office in New York city. Lew Wallace, Jr., is also a rising lawyer. The son of Gen. O. O. Howard graduated from West Point with credit, and is on his father's staff—and so the list goes.

It is in financial circles that the virtue of heredity finds the strongest practical arguments. It is a fact that the sons of the men who have been railroad kings and financial magnates have inherited their fathers' keenness, and that they have rarely been ruined through over pampering or indulgence.

Take the Vanderbilts. But one of them ever got anything to suggest the father, and when he got to the end of his tether he blew out his brains. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the present head of the family, is a model man. He inherited all the shrewdness of his father and grandfather. The same is true of his brothers. Cornelius Vanderbilt lost his old estate son, who would now be in the first flush of manhood, but when he was living he showed that he was a Vanderbilt. Two others of the present Vanderbilts have sons, and they, too, are of the old stock in their veins.

The same is true of the present generation of the Astors. William Waldorf, who has settled in England, was always a model young man, and of scholarly tastes, and with an ambition to shine in literature rather than in business, even before he came to America. His son, who would now be in the first flush of manhood, but when he was living he showed that he was a Vanderbilt. Two others of the present Vanderbilts have sons, and they, too, are of the old stock in their veins.

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fair to become a more than ordinarily successful lawyer.

John W. Mackey, son of the "Bonanza King," and his counterpart in appearance, used to be a pretty wild boy, but latterly he has acted down and as his father expresses it, has "got his gait."

The young Floats and Fairs have not done so well. William M. Everts's sons are lawyers with the exception of Prescott, who is an Episcopal clergyman with a growing reputation. The son of Supreme Court Judge Harlan is a minister of growing renown in a fashionable New York church. The son of the late Judge Rainford is also a popular New York pastor.

Frank Talmage, son of Dr. Talmage, who is a youthful edition of his father's minister who has already won fame in spite of the fact that he is blanketed by his father's great reputation.

Robert Bonner turned his Ledger property over to his three sons, Robert, Charles and James, some three years ago and gave them full rein. The three young men have been successful in the matter of the paper radically and failure was prophesied for them. They haven't failed. On the contrary they have found a new field for their talents.

Great actors of a recent period have not had their names perpetuated by their sons. There are no Booths, or Barrymores, or Wallaces, or Davenports, name is represented, but the woman who plays over it is no longer young. Tommaso Salvini and Edward Sothen, names of whom were American actors, have sons who have won success, and J. K. Emmett is still on the playbills.

The poets and literary and newspaper men have been successful in their sons where they have had any. The son of Oliver Wendell Holmes is a highly respected judge in Massachusetts. Julian Hawthorne, son of the great New England author, without having his father's great genius is an industrious and successful author. William Lloyd Garrison of today is a writer of uncommon power.

Charles A. Dana still yields the scepter in the New York Sun office, but his son Paul is his chief assistant and





## OUR CHRISTMAS WOMAN'S PAGE

### RECEPTION GOWNS.

Exquisite Black Gown—Magenta, Ermine and Jet.

Gorgeous Dress in Full Color, Worn by Callers and Those Receiving—Brocade, Satin, Broadcloth, Lace and Furs Comingle.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

New York is in the full tide of afternoon receptions. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's reception, to bring out her sons, and that of Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, to introduce her second daughter, Emily, have been most talked about, perhaps.

Fashion has changed her mind this season, altogether banishing the custom of tailor-made gowns worn at afternoon affairs. Last winter that style was carried too far for elegance. I remember seeing the beautiful Miss Adams of Baltimore at a reception given by the Schermerhorns, in a double-breasted gown of blue serge with white linen chemise and four-in-hand tie.

Fur, lace and silk all have been prominent in costumes worn the last three weeks.

Among the noticeable gowns was a broadcloth in deep cream—"butter" shade, modest call it. It was worn by a perfect blonde.

The skirt flared out in deep folds around the feet, fitted perfectly over the hips, and had a twelve-inch band of lettuce-green velvet cut with a wavy outline, going around the bottom and around the hips. These velvet bands had silver fleur de lis scatteredly woven on them.

The body was fitted in the back; in front it was slightly gathered from the shoulders and collar down into the belt. From the shoulders was separately laid a double box plait to the waist. The brettelette, now common to gowns, was effected by large square revers of lettuce-green velvet lined with taffetas of the same shade; these were sewed in the shoulder seams, fluted out over the edges, and passing under the box plait of cloth that came loose from the shoulder, turned back over it in three folds, showing the lining of silk; their outer edges were woven with a band of silver fleur de lis.

Across the back of the body was a broad, square collar of the velvet with fleur de lis, its edges slightly pointed. The high collar was of green velvet and yellow lace. A Joan of Arc girdle of velvet, fastened with an oblong fila-

ment. The sleeves had three ruffles edged with lace and mink, falling to the elbow; underneath this came a long sleeve with bands of yellow lace laid around it and finished with a narrow band of fur. The "crush" collar was of the somber velvet, fastening at the back with rosette.

The capote consisted of two "rabbit ears" of somber velvet, caught with a rosette of yellow lace and fastened to a wreath of jet. In the back a little tuft of lace fell over the hair.

### EXQUISITE BLACK GOWN.

An exquisite black gown was worn by a woman of 35, just coming out of mourning. It was a redingote of moire astrakhan, falling to a foot above the hem of the skirt and lined with purple taffetas. It was perfectly close-fitting in the back, flaring sharply from the waist into stiff folds. The front was double-breasted, one rever of watered silk turning broadly back to the shoulder.

The redingote opened over a circular skirt of watered silk finished with a narrow band of cut jet, laid on in accented Vandyke points. The sleeves were of watered silk, very full, wrinkling down to the wrist, where they were caught with a band of jet, from which depended a ruffle of black thread lace. The back was finished with a small collar of silk. The stock of black silk had a full jabot of thread lace in front, and fastened in the back with a buckle of jet.

An algrette of jet standing up from a tiara, set lightly on the head, confined by two cut jet hat-pins.

PERSIAN MATELASSE AND MANDARIN YELLOW. A superb gown was composed of matelasse silk and mandarin yellow crepon. The skirt was of the crepon lined with yellow taffetas; on the upper edge of the six-inch hem was a two-inch band of mink. An overskirt of the crepon hung full from the waist into a sharp point back and front, and was draped on one hip by a double-box plait; it had an inch band of mink at the upper edge of its hem.

The full-skirted continental skirt was of matelasse silk in woven Persian colors, lined with yellow silk. It was cut double-breasted, the six buttons being of antique silver, laid with mother-of-pearl. Large, pointed pocket flaps of yellow velvet had two buttons on each. A collarette was of three circular ruffles of yellow velvet laid one over the other without fullness, their edges having a full ruffling of point d'gene lace underneath. The top ruffle was cut yoke-fashion and resolved itself into a high stock collar, softened at the top by a full ruffling of point d'gene. This collarette came down to a decided point back and front.

The sleeves were of matelasse wrinkled down to the elbow, where they were met by huge musketeer cuffs of yellow velvet that stood away from the elbow in points. These cuffs also had two buttons at the back near the wrists.

With this costume went a large yellow velvet Gainsborough, caught up in the back with a yellow rose, and in front, Prince of Wales tips sprung from

### OLD-ROSE AND BLACK.

A gown of old-rose English crepe was charming. The skirt, cut in sixteen gores, had at the foot a band of old-rose velvet, lace inches wide, with a band of black lace appliqued on it. An overskirt fitted tightly over the hips fell in four points. This had a three-inch band of velvet with narrow lace inserting laid on it, as an edge.

The body was made entirely of entreeux of rose crepon and black inserting going lengthwise. This body was put on rather full over an old-rose taffeta lining that showed through. Huge breasted of crepon lined with silk to make them stand out, edged with a band of velvet and a narrow ruffle of lace, stood out over the shoulders like capes, then narrowed down to a point at the waist line.

The gigot sleeves were of ombre velvet puffs that drooped nearly to the elbow, and the long cuff was of the rose crepon. A heavy ruffle of lace finished the cuff, falling over the hand. The belt of ombre was plain and decidedly pointed back and front. The stock collar was of velvet, with a big chevron-like

with narrow cuffs of pink velvet turned back on them and a deep lace ruffle hanging from them.

### GORGEOUS PURPLE AND YELLOW.

Another receiving gown was of pumpkin-yellow and emerald-purple.

The skirt of purple silk had five ruffles of yellow crepe forming the upper skirt; each of these ruffles edged with mink. The right box of yellow crepe was laid in accordion pleats that fell three inches below the waist. The low neck was cut in a deep square in front. Over this waist was a bolero of emerald-purple velvet embroidered in a rococo design. This jacket, which was very narrow across the front, in the back it was cut slightly V in the neck. A belt of large silk pannels confined the waist. The large sleeves of yellow crepe came to the elbow and were pushed up by a band of pannels. This was a most artistic gown.

HARRYDELE HALLMARK.

### CAPITAL WIDOWS.

They are Brainy, Handsome Famous and Wealthy.

Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Dahlgren, Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. Sunset Cox and a Long List of Others.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

Washington is the home of more famous relicts of famous men than any other city in this country. Apparently it is an earthly paradise for widows. It has always been so.

Many of these women have known the happiest moments of their lives here. Certainly the proudest days of some have been spent here with husbands high in the councils of the land. Doubtless it is but natural that, remaining family ties being favorable to such a course, these women should come back and settle down among the scenes and properties that had witnessed their successes when they shone in the reflected light of the glory of their husbands. Certainly part of the respect paid the husband remains transferred to the widow. Washington like people who have been "somebodies," is not at all chary in according position to those who have any claim to it at all. In the presence of the fleeting procession of Congressmen and quadrennial officials the dignity of these women is heightened and becomes a positive relief.

Some of the cleverest, the kindest, the most charitable, the most brilliant and most beautiful women this country has ever known are numbered in the Washington colony of widows, which year by year is increasing. They are a brainy lot of women. They are leaders in many senses, women of breadth and culture. There are titled widows, and widows whose husbands never were anything more than plain "Misters," yet were great men somehow. There are especially women who bear names that are known throughout the length and breadth of the country for their bravery by land and by sea.

Once in a while there is one whose widowhood is merged soon into maternity.

The memorial chapel which Mrs. Dahlgren has recently presented to Georgetown College, has taken much of her time while being planned and constructed. Her books on Washington society have been very successful, and given her a high position in the literary world. Between her literary work and her deeds for the church she leads a busy life.

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE. Even her most intimate friends would hesitate long before offering pity to Kate Chase Sprague.

Even if she did not attain the greatest honor for which she strove, she has the satisfaction of knowing that the memory of her husband will never be wiped out, that no one has yet arisen who could even share her fame in Washington.

Mrs. Sprague makes her home in the residence her father occupied, out near the Soldiers' Home, when she is in Washington. It has been her custom to spend a part of the last few winters in New York, where her daughter has been studying.

In Washington she keeps closely to herself and is seldom met in society, where people could be happy to see her. Mrs. Sprague never receives her old friends, and there are many who delight to make a pilgrimage to enjoy seeing her. Kate Chase Sprague has memories enough to keep her company every hour.

Mrs. Sprague has felt the benefit of the rise in real estate in the vicinity of her holdings, and a few years more will see them valuable property, which she has business sense enough to take advantage of at the proper time.

MRS. HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON. An older woman, but one with even more brilliant memories, is Harriet Lane Johnston, who is the only ex-mistress of the White House now living in Washington.

Mrs. Johnston's fame is all due to her own brilliancy and beauty and to her rule over the White House and the American Legation in London. She is a much sought-after woman wherever she occupies her Washington home.

THE RICHEST WIDOW. Probably the richest widow is Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, whose husband was the rich Senator from California, when he and his colleague, Senator Stanford, were the wealthiest pair of Senators representing any State.

Mrs. Hearst made herself so greatly liked that now when her place on New Hampshire avenue is closed so much of the time Washington people regret it. But there is always the hope that it will be open "next season." Mrs. Hearst has a habit of suddenly appearing

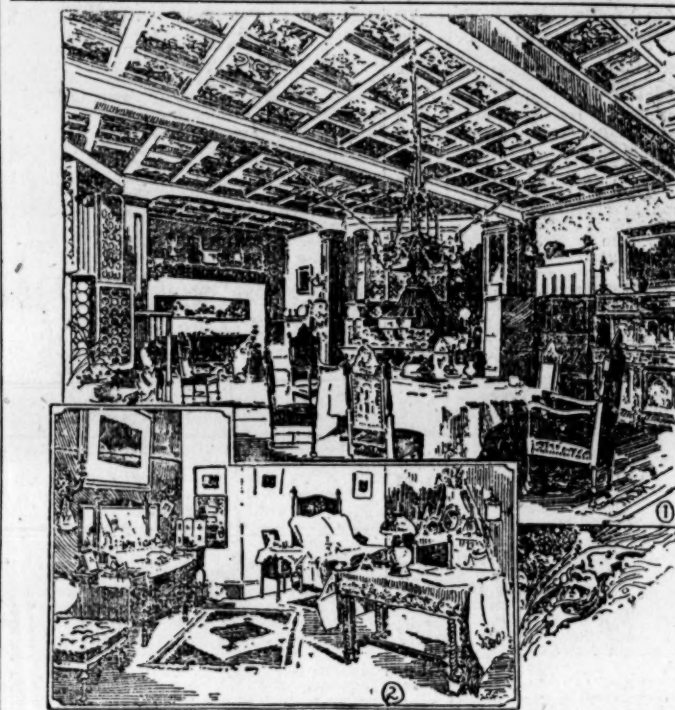
in the capital and opening her house for a few weeks, or perhaps a month. Nobody knows just how long she will stay, and she is apt to leave as suddenly as she came. But Washington always lives in hope that some time Mrs. Hearst will consent to keep her beautiful house open for an entire season.

If Mrs. Hearst has any fad it is probably in making other people happy, and the "other people" especially refers to young girls.

One season Mrs. Hearst invited five girls to spend the winter with her. They were not all able to indulge in all the dresses they needed for a season in such a gay house, and Mrs. Hearst made those five girls supremely happy by insisting on their making believe to be her daughters for the time being, and let her furnish each with a lovely season's trousseau.

MRS. "SUNSET" COX. Next door to Mrs. Hearst lives another widow of a famous man. Mrs. "Sunset" Cox has a pretty home on New Hampshire avenue, but like Mrs. Hearst, spends very little of her time there since her husband's death. She travels usually, but calls Washington her home. She has been exceedingly quiet, owing to poor health, and hosts of Washington people do not know that Mrs. Cox still makes her home near Dupont Circle.

It seems only a short time ago that Mrs. Cox received a delegation of post-office employees, who presented her with a copy of the statue of her husband, which they have given to be erected in New York.



1. Mrs. Hearst's dining-room. 2. Her bedroom.

which Gen. Sheridan prepared has proved a steady source of income, as it has been very successful. All this is very gratifying to the admirers and friends of the late general.

Mrs. Sheridan has a peculiarly charming manner of dress that no other woman has been able to successfully copy. She is rarely ever seen except in black or white; sometimes in clear white trained princess gowns with her dark hair curled smoothly on top of her head. The poise of her head is just as proud and her carriage as graceful as six years ago. When one regards Mrs. Sheridan an impression is left that a real true woman is standing there—not a creature of toilettes and fads and fashions.

MRS. MADELINE DAHLGREN. Mrs. Dahlgren is one of the widows who not only bears the name of a famous husband, but she herself has added to the importance of the name. To all appearances the accomplished widow of Admiral Dahlgren leads a happily rounded life. Her children have married well. Her handsome home on Massachusetts avenue and Scott Circle is occasionally the scene of receptions to the chief ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church, to which she is a very liberal adherent.

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One season Mrs. Hearst invited five girls to spend the winter with her. They were not all able to indulge in all the dresses they needed for a season in such a gay house, and Mrs. Hearst made those five girls supremely happy by insisting on their making believe to be her daughters for the time being, and let her furnish each with a lovely season's trousseau.

MRS. "SUNSET" COX. Next door to Mrs. Hearst lives another widow of a famous man. Mrs. "Sunset" Cox has a pretty home on New Hampshire avenue, but like Mrs. Hearst, spends very little of her time there since her husband's death. She travels usually, but calls Washington her home. She has been exceedingly quiet, owing to poor health, and hosts of Washington people do not know that Mrs. Cox still makes her home near Dupont Circle.

It seems only a short time ago that Mrs. Cox received a delegation of post-office employees, who presented her with a copy of the statue of her husband, which they have given to be erected in New York.

decided to devote it to a polytechnic school. These are only a few of the women who form part of the colony of widows who have elected to abide in Washington. CONSTANCE HENNER.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Prof. Gilmore, One of the New York Electrolysis Co.'s most

skilled operators, will be at the Hotel Hollenbeck, corner Second and Spruill streets, Los Angeles, Dec. 30, for a few days only. Those afflicted with such annoying and up-slightly blemishes as

Superfluous Hair

Moles, Warts, Red Nose, Enlarged Vessels of the Nose, Blackheads, Scars, Pimples, Hair between the Eyebrows, on the Nose, Men's Cheeks above the beard line, or any facial blemish, should call on him during this visit. Our treatment is by the Electric Needle Operation, and we guarantee a permanent and painless cure for all blemishes peculiar to either sex. Call on or address

Prof. H. H. Gilmore, Hotel Hollenbeck, Los Angeles, Cal. After Dec. 30. Book and consultation free.

Mrs. E. L. Roberts, Fashionable Hairdresser. No. 2184 West First Street. Shampooing and Hair-dressing.....30 cents Hair-cutting.....25 cents Curling Hair.....15 cents Cutting Bangs.....15 cents ALL WORK SATISFACTORY.

Dr. L. A. SAYRE'S REMEDY FOR SKIN DISEASES. DRESSING, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Moth Patches, Freckles and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and complexion. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless, less we taste it, we can use it as long as we live. Accept no imitations of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient) "as you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U.S. and Europe. Fred. T. Hopkins, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

MRS. GRAHAM'S Face Powder. Creates a Perfect Complexion instantly and yet is invisible showing no trace of powder on the skin. Delicately delicate in effect. Daily use keeps the complexion clear and even in the warmest weather. FINE FACE POWDER is as harmless as a rose leaf. Many of the greatest shades—cream-white, flesh and brunette. Price 50c by mail. Do not ruin your skin by using inferior face powders when you can have this perfect preparation for 50c. Ask your druggist for a sample and book "How to be Beautiful." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U.S. and Europe. Fred. T. Hopkins, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

C. I. WEAVER, Agent, Successor to Weaver & Harris, COR. THIRD AND SPRING STREETS, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Mosgroves' Dressmaking. This department is under the management of the most experienced and thorough cutter and fitter on this coast. Tourists can have suits made in one day, and be assured of satisfaction. Mourning orders given special attention. Prices as low as any first-class costumer. RE-ALSKINS AND OTHER FURS altered and repaired by a competent furrier. THE LEADING Cloak and Suit House, 119 S. Spring St., adjoining Nadeau Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

TIP TOP COUGH SYRUP. TIP-TOP 50 CENTS. And each Bottle CURES. I.T. MARTIN, Dealer in New and Second-hand Furniture. Carpets, Mattresses and Stoves, Oak Bedroom Suits \$15; sewing machines \$5, \$10 and \$25. 401 South Spring St., Los Angeles.



New reception gowns in black and brown.

greed silver buckle, finished the waist. The sleeves were a low puff of broadcloth, and a long, tight cuff of velvet, with a square guardsman's cuff of velvet turning over upon it.

With this gown was worn an oblong toque of deep cream silk cord, plaited to form the crown; the edge was of a rouleau of velvet, with a silver algrette and bunch of yellow lace in front.

BROWN CREPON, YELLOW LACE AND MINK. A wonderfully stylish gown was of rough crepon in the color known as cigar-brown. The skirt was formed of three circular ruffles, graduating from the waist in length. Upon the edge of each ruffle were two bands of yellow lace inserting above a one-inch border of mink. The ruffles were made on a foundation of lighter brown peau de sole, that had a box plaiting of yellow lace at the foot that showed as the wearer walked. The tight body had a yoke front and back, made of estreux of crepon, mink and yellow lace. Around this yoke went a full four-inch ruffle of crepon, with two bands of yellow lace and border of fur.

The shoulder seams were very long. The "crush" girdle was of somber velvet with prevailing tints of green and

a pompon of lace. This was an imported gown from Vienna.

BLUE CLOTH, SILVER AND ASTRAKHAN. An artistic Russian costume was of blue cloth and moire astrakhan. The skirt, much gored, was of astrakhan, made without trimming. Over this was a redingote fashioned in Russian blouse style, and made of light steel-blue broadcloth. It was gathered at the shoulders front and back over a pointed yoke of moire astrakhan, cut with a high collar, and then fell loosely to the waist, opening in front to show the astrakhan skirt. The redingote came a little below the knees. The fronts were edged with two-inch silver passementerie, jeweled with blue stones, the blouse loosely confined at the waist by a silver jeweled belt and silver chate-laines hanging from it, all across the front. The double sleeves had an inner circular ruffle of blue cloth edged with silver passementerie hanging as far as the elbow.

Mousquetaire gloves of suede in blue to match the costume were worn, also a Cossack cap of astrakhan, with an algrette of jet.

Mousquetaire gloves of suede in blue to match the costume were worn, also a Cossack cap of astrakhan, with an algrette of jet.

At one of the late afternoon receptions the hostess wore a rich gown of empire brocade and white duchesse satin. The skirt was the duchesse satin made very full, with only a "dip." Down the two front seams and the middle one was cascaded duchesse lace; around the bottom went a narrow band of crystal passementerie. This skirt was made over pale-blue taffetas with balayuse of silk edged with white lace. The continental coat was of heavy empire brocade, the design pink rosebuds with green leaves. This coat flared from the waist to the knees. The wide pointed revers were lined with pink silk and had duchesse lace ruffled under their edges. They came to a point at the waist line, where they were finished by rosettes of duchesse lace and pink silk. The coat opened over a high, loose vest of pink silk with duchesse lace in full jabots down the front. It was combined at the waist across the front, with a girde of pink velvet, and the collar also was of velvet with a flat bow of the lace in front run through with a design of pearls and diamonds.

The large sleeves were of the brocade, ending at the elbow with a ruffle of duchesse.

### TURQUOISE RECEIVING GOWN.

A dainty receiving gown was of turquoise-blue taffetas, velvet and lace. The skirt of taffetas had sixteen gores with three seven-inch bands of blue velvet—a shade darker—starting at the foot and placed five inches apart. On each band was laid an inserting of Venetian lace.

The waist was of turquoise-blue crepe, gathered full at the low neck and at the belt. Around the neck were laid four Maltese tabs of pink velvet lined with blue taffetas. Over these was a full bertha of yellow lace. The elbow sleeves were of the crepe over taffetas

Mrs. Sheridan's house.

mony. But for the most part the women who have borne great names feel reluctant to lay them aside. As far as wealth goes there isn't so much of it as there might be, yet there is a fair amount. But it has long been an accepted creed in Washington, that money does not make position and it is the one city in the country still left where that can be said.

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN. Probably the most famous widow is the woman who bears "Black Jack's" name, and is known and loved in Grand Army homes all over the West, if not the entire country.

Mrs. Logan represents one of the best types of American womanhood, combining happy social qualities, good common sense and business ability.

She is about the busiest woman in the colony. Many a morning finds her at her desk in the office of the magazine of which she is editor as early as 8 o'clock. Besides her own affairs she carries the troubles of numberless people all over the country on her shoulders. She is active in the Garfield Hospital, and it seems as if every veteran in the country and every daughter and granddaughter of a soldier regarded her as a fairy godmother, perfectly able to get anything for them the government had to bestow.

There have been rumors concerning Mrs. Logan's intent to change her name to her desk in the office of the magazine of which she is editor as early as 8 o'clock. Besides her own affairs she carries the troubles of numberless people all over the country on her shoulders. She is active in the Garfield Hospital, and it seems as if every veteran in the country and every daughter and granddaughter of a soldier regarded her as a fairy godmother, perfectly able to get anything for them the government had to bestow.

MRS. PHIL SHERRILL. As wife of the commander of the



## PALMISTRY.

## Among the Brahmins Palmistry is a Science.

Its Study of the First Importance to Mothers.  
Blanche Roosevelt's Warning and Sara Bernhardt's Letter—Loie Fuller's Success Predicted.

Specially Contributed to The Times.

John Strange Winter said of Cheiro, the apostle of palmistry as a science, who is now in New York, that she had always connected palmistry with the "black art," until she went to him in London; but after he had fully told her the details of her childhood, described her relation to her parents, the separate influences both had had in her life, and what characteristics she had inherited, she was convinced that palmistry was a science, and that if mothers would take their children to Cheiro they would get valuable aid in controlling and guiding their lives.

I asked Cheiro yesterday why he placed palmistry on a scientific basis. "Because I have lived most of my life in India, among the Brahmins," he answered. "They have made palmistry a true science. Much even of the so-called 'black art' of the Brahmins is laid on a scientific foundation. They surround the practice with a halo of mysticism, because it appeals strongly to the uninitiated mind, and produces more terror."

"Remember that a Brahmin once desired a piece of political information from an Englishman whom the priests were holding for this purpose. The

"I went home a little reassured and sat at my window on Bond street smoking, when suddenly I heard a crash, a volley of oaths, and a woman's scream below. I rushed down stairs and picked a fainting woman out of the melee, carried her into my hall, and found it was Blanche Roosevelt! Since then she has been my warmest friend, and sent me lately these pictures."

He then showed me two three-quarter length portraits inscribed: "To Cheiro, the marvelous—the most marvelous." "Will you give me some of your scientific reasons for declaring a person's characteristics by lines?" he asked him. "That is what I wish to do. I make a practice of explaining as intelligibly as



The lines of the palm.

I can, my reason for saying 'this line means that,' and 'that line this.' I hope in this simple way to demonstrate the truth of palmistry, and to make people believe in at least the more prominent principles. Naturally, having followed the study all my life, I reach conclusions incomprehensible to an amateur."

## WHAT SAY SHAPES OF HANDS AND FINGERS.

"The principal points," Cheiro continued, "to guide a reader are these: The shape of hands and fingers is the great guide to character. All hands are divided into two hemispheres, as it were, by the line of head. The upper hemisphere represents mind, and the lower portion the material. (See diagram.)"

"Long fingers show a love of detail, apparent in everything—in the decoration of a room or in the treatment of a servant. Long-fingered people are strict and proper in manner, quick to notice small attentions, and have a leaning toward affection."

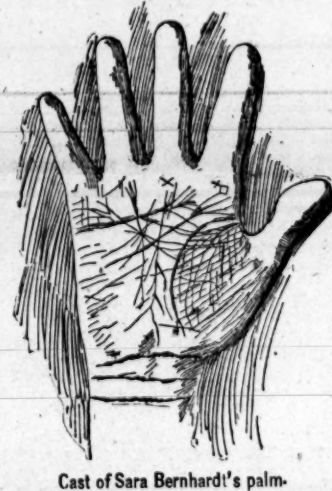
"Short-fingered people are quick and impulsive; they act by intuition; they can't be bothered by little things, and are apt to jump to conclusions too rapidly. They do not care much for the conventionalities of society."

"People with fingers thick and heavy, as well as short, are more or less cruel and selfish."

"A thin, hard, dry palm indicates timidity and want of energy."

"A thick, clumsy palm tells of brute force and obstinacy."

"A hollow palm is a very unfortunate sign. People possessing it, though



Cast of Sara Bernhardt's palm.

working hard to obtain success, receive but the wages of disappointment. "The development of the joints of the fingers and thumbs is important. With the first joint largely developed, we get ability to reason out difficulties. With the second joint developed we get a leaning toward science."

"Large hands show power of execution. Small hands denote ideas too large for the person's power of execution."

"When the fingers are curved inward or contracted, they denote timidity and too much reserve; when supple and inclined to bend back, their owners are churning in company, clever, and inclined to extravagance."

"Pointed fingers show idealism, the desire for love; they always indicate impracticable, impulsive people."

"Square fingers show a love for logic, for exactness, for politics, and their owners have a talent for mastering languages."

"I could easily see with John Strange Winter how a mother might repress or

develop a child according to the characteristics of its hands."

## WHAT NAILS AND THUMBS SAY.

"I consider the nails most important," Cheiro said, "for they indicate matters of health."

"Large nails, bluish in color, tell of weak action of the heart and bad circulation."

"Thin nails, if small, denote energy and delicate health."

"Plated nails, particularly, if wide and curved towards the top, are indicators of consumption."

"Short-nailed people are hard to beat in debates; long-nailed people are more yielding, but are more enthusiastic at their work."

"The thumb in its indications is regarded in India as supreme. With gypsies the thumb is the first thing they look at on seeing a stranger. In Christian rites and ceremonies it is used to represent God, the Episcopal blessing being given with the thumb and two first fingers only, the three representing the Trinity. In medical science a 'thumb-center' is recognized in the brain; and any delicacy or pressure on this center in the brain is indicated in the thumb before it has made itself otherwise visible. When children are born the thumb is protected by the other fingers, and it is an admitted fact that if a child persists in keeping the thumb covered it is a sure sign of delicacy—mental or physical."

"When the thumb is stiff and straight, the person finds it difficult to suit himself to people or surroundings. Those whose thumbs turn backward are suave, but not always reliable."

"In reading the lines all these points rise up to make the adept's conclusion definite. I may read a tendency to some one thing, but I often see marked characteristics that will control it."

"The lines of the left hand show the traits you were born with; those in



Cast of Loie Fuller's palm.

the right show just how you have cultivated or thwarted them."

"THE LIFE-LINE  
"When the line of life is long, clear and of good color, good health and long life may be predicted."

"When it is linked or made up of little pieces it is a sure sign of ill health."

"When this line starts from under the base of the mount of Jupiter, it shows a life of ambition."

"When the line is closely connected with that of the head, life is guided by reason and intelligence, but its possessor is nervous."

"When the line is a wide space, it is a sign of too much self confidence."

"When the lines of heart, head and life are joined together, it is a sign of misfortune."

"A 'cross' or an 'island' denotes trouble."

"Black spots denote disease, and if deep, sudden death."

"The line of life is divided into periods of ten years, so one can judge with correctness. At the end of the line a number of drooping lines tell of the breaking up of health."

"LINE OF HEAD.  
"When the line of head is straight, clear and even, it denotes practical common sense and business capacity."

"When sloping, a leaning for romance and bohemianism."

"When straight and going to the side of the head, it shows great intellectual power."

"When sloping to the wrist it tells of a fatal influence of the imagination."

"When it runs into or through a square it foretells a critical moment in the life of the person."

"THE FATE LINE.  
"When the line of fate rises from the wrist and goes straight up the hand, it is a sign of luck."

"If the line goes up to the mount of Jupiter, the life and work of the person will be to win ambition and power."

"When stopped by the line of heart, fortune will be ruined by the interference of the affections."

"But as the fate line is ruled by the temperament, disposition and environment, no easy rules can be given to amateurs."

"What I have given are some of the plain, general rules, proved and studied in the land of the masters of the art, by the much reading of hands. A

thorough knowledge of this science makes one a mental physician."

"I do not wish to pose as a high priest of mysticism. I am, instead, an expert in a science that has not been as yet properly developed in this country."

"Let me say that I think every mother should have her child's hand examined before it is a month old."

HIS ROOMS AND LETTERS.

Cheiro's rooms are fitted up in Indian style. Ceilings, portieres, rugs, all are from India. A great sacred bull of India, that the British Museum has offered him many pounds sterling for, sits in the inner room. Everywhere hang casts of hands of notable people and their inscribed pictures."

The most prominent cast is of Sara Bernhardt's hand. Cheiro read it accurately, having no idea who the veiled woman was. In her enthusiastic French way she was delighted, and whenever he made his appearance afterward in her rooms last season she would push all others aside and give him the seat of honor. He showed me a letter she wrote to him."

"Since God has placed on our hands lines which tell our past, present or future, I regret that these lines do not tell us the misfortune of our friends, of dangers that are to come—but God doeth all things well—so be it—Amen."

"SARA BERNHARDT."

A closely-veiled woman went into his rooms a day or two ago. After having her hand read she walked over to the desk and wrote on a book lying there:

"The study of people gifts with occult powers has interested me for years. I have met and consulted scores, during their studies. But I consider Cheiro's reading helpful, as well as astonishing." It was Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In 1890 Loie Fuller, who hadn't a cent in the world, went to him in London. Cheiro told her past and successful future; he says her hand was artistic, creative, showing an indomitable will. He told her that she would succeed marvelously through "creation" and carry it through. He couldn't tell what it was, he only saw the way the line tended, and knew what would come out of it. He told her this and begged that she would hold to her ideas, date all, for she would succeed."

She wrote him recently: "The marvelous things you read in my palm in 1890 have—more to my surprise than I can tell—been proven absolutely true."

Other notable letters are from Oscar Wilde, Geraldine Ulmar, Lady Dorothy Neville, Florence Marryat, the Duke of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Alibury, all endorsing the practice and study of palmistry as a scientific and practical aid to one's knowledge of oneself, the development of one's character, and the ability to overcome inherited disease and avoid death."

Cheiro was born in the northern part of Europe. His father was a Greek and his mother a Spaniard. When quite a baby he was stolen by the gypsies, and taught to read hands."

He acquired such proficiency in the art that he was allowed to tell the hands of the strangers who came to the camp, though in a crude way, as he was only a child. He was then taken to India, where he has lived with the Brahmins ever since, studying the occult sciences from these priests, making palmistry his forte. He has studied this from a scientific standpoint, and has written one or two valuable books on the subject."

In person he is remarkably handsome, with a head something like Byron's, and dresses in a most picturesque fashion, with loose rolling collar showing a fine throat—and soft black tie. He is just 28 years of age, last year being his first public season, when in Bond street, London, were filled with the most fashionable people, and he was entertained by the social leaders of the city."

His bearing, voice, a delightful flow of English. He is highly educated, is a fine linguist, and altogether can be described in Blanche Roosevelt's own words as "marvelous, most marvelous."

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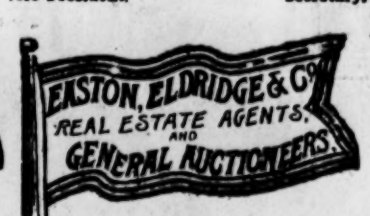
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# THE FAMOUS CHINO RANCH!

MR. RICHARD GIRD, Owner.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

The Property We Offer

Comprises the well-known Chino Ranch, in the center of which is the Town of Chino, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, about three miles south of Pomona and Ontario, acres lying north and east of Chino Creek, subdivided into ten-acre tracts, which have a gradual decline toward the South and Southwest, giving ample natural drainage for successful cultivation.

In 1891 the Beet Sugar Company was organized and the Refinery built and put in operation at Chino, in a central portion in reference to the property. The result obtained from the operation of the factory for the few years past shows a remarkable degree of adaptability of the soil to the successful cultivation of the Sugar Beet born in amount of production and in percentage of saccharine matter, and also in the efficient capacity of the factory. The factory handled during the present season of 1892, 100,000 tons of beets per day, and have from 600 to 800 tons per day coming in continuously for the entire campaign, covering a period of nearly four months. It is proposed now to increase the capacity of the factory by the erection of an additional building and machinery to suit the requirements of increasing production. The returns for the present campaign have been a total yield of over 18,000,000 pounds of sugar, which have been shipped out as crude sugar to be refined elsewhere.

Under a direct and specific contract between Mr. Gird and the Chino Valley Beet Sugar Company, a corporation which instituted and operates the Beet Sugar industry, they agreed to purchase from Mr. Gird or his successors all the beets grown on the ranch for years to come, and at the present date, about November 1st, 1893, before the commencement of the next season, a fixed price is established that the factory will pay for the beets at maturity next season. This insures the planter in the market for his crop, and with the price that is fixed, before he takes any risk in the matter or makes the first move towards turning over the ground.

Possibly there is no other branch of industry where calculations for future results can be made so readily or so correctly calculated upon, and returns realized in so short a time as in the cultivation of the Sugar Beet under such auspices.

While speaking particularly in regard to the important industry of beet growing for the manufacture of sugar, estimates of general fruits should not be lost sight of, as a great portion of the land is especially adapted to

Citrus Fruits and Deciduous Trees.

Orange groves planted on portions of the ranch are coming forward, and olives, figs, apricots, pines, pomegranates and berries, in fact California fruits of all kinds seem indigenous to the soil. It is also demonstrated that corn, barley, wheat, and in fact all the cereals and vegetables flourish in this soil and attain a high degree of perfection.

The townsite of Chino, located at a convenient point with reference to all portions of the ranch, is a flourishing California town, with telegraph, telephone and express offices, schools and churches. Means of communication and transportation are ample. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs its main line direct into Chino, and is four miles distant from Pomona and Ontario, on the main overland line, and as the proposed extension of this line is now assured from Pomona, through Chino to South Riverside and Esplanade.

The following are a few of the advantageous features of the Chino Valley. First, the cultivation of the Sugar Beet, which insures a profit; fifteen tons is an average crop, but twenty tons is not unusual, which is received at the factory at a fixed price of \$4.50 per ton, which during this present season of 1892 has averaged the grower from \$5 to \$6 per acre net, and clean above all expense of working the ground, planting and harvesting the crop and delivering at the factory.

We invite land-seekers generally who are desiring to secure profitable investments, to examine this valuable property, which offers field a health, profit or investment.

Four passenger trains in and out of Chino every day. We invite correspondence. For further particulars, address or call on us.

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Within 10 minutes walk from Spring and Second streets.

at a price and on terms that will suit you. Lots we now offer are fronting on Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Streets, and adjoining Grass Avenue between the important Southern Pacific Arcade depot, and within three blocks of Main Street.

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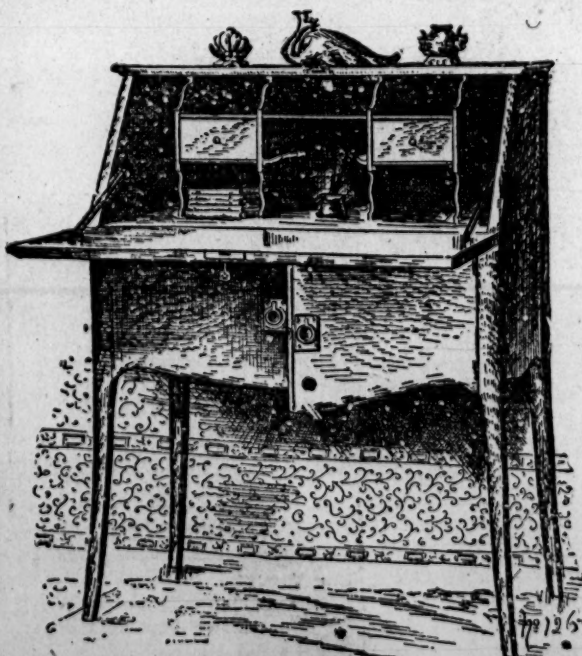
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# Life in Southern California—Christmas, 1893.

Midwinter Picnic of the Seven Sisters.



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| LOS ANGELES.                                                                           | SAN BERNARDINO.                                                                               | SAN DIEGO.                                                                                       | SANTA BARBARA.                                                                  | VENTURA.                                                                                    | ORANGE.                                                                                   | RIVERSIDE.                                                                         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Commercial Capital—Fine Fruits, Wine, Corn and Oil—A Railway Center—Ship and Port. | Agriculture, Horticulture, Viticulture, Ditches, Quarries, Mines and Timber—Flocks and Herds. | Maritime Advantages—Climate and Soil—Mountain, Plain and Sea. Mines and Fisheries—Wool and Wine. | The Home of Flora, Ceres and Pomona—History, Art and Song—Olives and Olive Oil. | Grain, Live Stock, Beans and Barley, Petroleum, Building Stone and Clay—Shipping and Trade. | Farms and Homes—Alfalfa, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Dairy Products—Nuts, Grapes and Raisins. | The Youngest Sister—The Orange, the Lemon and the Lime—Canals, Roads and Railways. |

THE section comprised in these seven counties is the extreme southwestern corner of the United States. According to the testimony of experienced travelers, it has no rival in the world as far as genial climate, variety of scenery and productive soil are concerned. Five of the counties front on the Pacific Ocean, the coast line extending over 325 miles, from San Diego to Santa Barbara. The climate is so mild that sea bathing may be indulged in all the year round, and yet, during the winter, the mountains which shut in this favored section from the desert are covered with snow, forming a charming contrast to the orange groves and flower gardens at their feet. There is no section in the world where so much can be accomplished on a small piece of ground. Many families make a good living on ten acres in fruits, vegetables and other products, while twenty acres is considered sufficient for one man to cultivate. The growth which has been made during the past ten years is phenomenal, deserts having been transformed into smiling orchards and vineyards, while towns have sprung into existence like a transformation scene on the stage. An immense area has been planted to fruit trees, and yet the land that has been so cultivated bears but a small proportion to that which is yet utilized for pasture or grain. The growing of oranges, which is comparatively a new industry, has already attained such importance that over 6000 carloads were shipped East last season. Of the area comprised in these counties, over three-fourths is capable of cultivation, with water supplied, the remainder being mountainous. Within this area there is a remarkable variety of scenery, soil and climate. There are low, moist valleys, elevated mesas or table lands, rolling foothills and rugged mountains, sometimes snow-capped in winter; so that the visitor or settler must indeed be hard to please who cannot be suited. There is no portion of the United States where education and culture are more generally diffused. Everywhere are found schools and churches, and in the larger cities there are first-class libraries and theaters. Here, in Southern California, the new settler may commence to build himself a home surrounded by all the amenities and comforts of life.